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WAY DOWN IN ALABAMA.

BY I. P. D.

'Way down in Alabama there's a chill upon the breeze,
And the summer-time is bidding us adieu,
There are glowing tints of autumn just appearing on the trees,
And the sky above's a deep, cerulean hue.

There are flowers of many colors blooming in the open air,
And rare plants with leaves of lovely, shining green,
Sweet roses and chrysanthemums, and dahlias gay, are there
And honeysuckle, red and white, may often, too, be seen.

The fields of corn are ripened, and the harvest time is nigh,
And the cotton fields are gleaming white as snow,
There dusty forms are bending as they fill the baskets high,
And we hear them talking gayly as they go.

They are happy in their labor, for the price of cotton's "up,"
And they're thinking of the happy time to come,
When they've "paid up" all their "bosses" who have furnished "bit and sup,"
And have something left to cheer the hearts at home.

The times have not been prosp'rous in the year that's going by,
But we think a time of plenty's drawing near,
And we hope that in the future we will hear no more the sigh
Of the farmer, when he sees the coming cheer.

OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER XV—(CONTINUED.)

PRESENTLY, irritated and incensed by the feeble piano playing by one of the "gifted amateurs," he rose, impatiently, and was making for the door, but the crowd was too great to permit of his getting through without making a fuss, and he turned into a conservatory. Its atmosphere of flowers, and, above all, its quietude, were so pleasant a relief, that, with a sigh, he dropped into a lounge, and, with his head thrown back, and his hands thrust into his pockets, decided to wait until the crush had decreased, and he could make his escape.

He had learnt what he had come for. Johnnie was a "success," and there was no need for him to stay any longer. There could be no doubt about Johnnie's success, indeed, for the boy was playing again, and the incessant chatter that had accompanied the gifted amateurs, had completely ceased. Fayne was listening with half-closed eyes, when he heard Lady Seamount's voice just behind a bunch of ferns behind him.

"Yes, dear, the room is hot—very hot! And yet I do my best to keep it cool; but there are so many people! You sit here and rest. You can hear quite plainly."

"May I?" said a voice in response; a voice that made Heriot Fayne start and sit upright, and brought his hands out of his pockets.

The next moment Lady Seamount floated past him, in her flurried way.

"Oh, are you there, Lord Fayne," she said, and beguiled into momentary forgetfulness by his irreproachable appearance and quiet demeanor, she said, hurriedly, "Come and let me introduce you to a friend of mine."

Then she remembered, suddenly, and stopped aghast; but he had risen, and was waiting, his face grave and attentive; and the poor lady, much flushed by her blunder, could not but lead him round to the other side of the bank.

"My dear Miss Winsdale," she began, then stammered and faltered. "Let me introduce Lord Fayne to you." Then she fled.

Eva looked up, and found the half-sad eyes regarding her gravely. Once again the question, "Have I seen him before?" flashed through her brain; but there was no sign of recognition in his face or manner, and it never occurred to her to connect this perfectly-dressed, distinguished-looking man with the common clad tramp who had saved her life on Averleigh Common.

He met the questioning gaze of the beautiful eyes quite steadily, and, for a moment or two, without speaking. Then, when he did speak, it was with the usual trite common-place—

"Did it ever occur to you to envy the deaf, Miss Winsdale?" he asked, as he seated himself beside her.

Eva was a little startled, then she smiled. "I am glad that I am not deaf, now that the boy is playing," she said.

"Yes, he plays well, poor little beggar," he assented. Then there was a pause, but though they both listened to the music, they were thinking of each other.

She was thinking of all she had heard of this man, who sat so quietly, and looked so "harmless;" and he was thinking that this Eva Winsdale was even more lovely than the Eva Winsdale he had snatched from so painful a death.

Suddenly, he said—

"You know my father, Miss Winsdale, you are a near neighbor of his?"

"Yes," said Eva in a low voice, for she was surprised at his speaking of his father. "Quite a near neighbor. Lord Averleigh is a very dear friend of mine and my father. We live at White Cot. You know it?" Then she flushed slightly.

But he was not at all embarrassed.

"I remember it," he said. "But I have not seen the Court for some years. Shall I take you back to the drawing-room, now?"

The tone of the question made its significance plain. Eva blushed.

"I think I will stay here for a little while; the room is hot, and I am not used to crowded rooms. This is my first visit to London."

"Would you like me to go?" he asked, as gravely as before. "I know that I am sitting here beside you on false pretences, and that Lady Seamount introduced me in a momentary absence of mind. I saw—we both saw, did we not?—how sorry she was directly she had done it, and it was too late to draw back. On the very first opportunity she will apologize, Miss Winsdale, for bringing so disreputable an individual as myself to your notice!"

Eva looked straight before her. It was the strangest speech she had ever heard in her life. She did not know what to say.

"You see," he went on, "I do not pretend not to know that you are quite aware of my character—or want of character. You must have heard all about me from my—from the Court. Shall I go?"

Eva knew what she ought to say. She ought to rise and in the most conventional tone, murmur—"Will you please take me back to Lady Seamount, Lord Fayne?" But, somehow, she could not say it. The deep, musical voice, the grave regard of the dark, fiercely sad, eyes, held her by a spell.

"You shall go if you like," she said, almost inaudibly.

He leaned back with a smothered sigh of relief.

"Thanks! I don't like," he said. "I should like to stay, but I would not like to do so under false pretenses. I would not take advantage of poor Lady Seamount's slip. And this is your first visit to London?" he went on—"Why is that?"

There was something in the tone of his voice which produced an extraordinary effect upon her. He spoke with quite the usual deference, but there was a ring in the voice which, if it carried no command with it for other persons, certainly did so for her. It seemed to her as if he had said: "Tell me about yourself, your life, I want to know, you cannot refuse."

She fought for a moment against the strange influence he exercised, but only for a moment; the next she was talking to him as if he were an old friend, a very respectable, trustworthy friend, instead of the notorious Lord Fayne. She found herself telling him about her school life in France, of her home coming to White Cot, of her father; of Averleigh Court, the earl and Lady Janet, even of the newly discovered copper mine.

It was as if this young man, with the handsome face, and fiercely sad eyes, had unlocked the door of her heart with a master key.

One thing only she did not tell him; her adventure with the tramp—that was sacred.

"Yours is a happy life," he said at last.

Eva smiled. A faint flush tinted the clear ivory of her face, her eyes were glowing.

"Happy! Oh, yes! I have so much, you see! So lovable a father, such dear friends, the sweetest home——" She stopped suddenly, for though he had not moved, and the dark eyes were regarding her steadily, dreamily, she remembered that he was an outcast from the home and friends of whom she had been speaking.

"Oh, forgive me!" she said. "I—I forgot!" and her voice faltered and broke.

"That you were speaking to a man who was outside all this?" he said with a grave smile. "There is nothing to forgive, nothing. You remember, suddenly, that you were telling all this to Heriot Fayne—the man whose father and people have cast him off. Well, it is the man's fault. He doesn't deserve your pity, believe me!"

"But—but——" murmured Eva. "If you knew how grieved they are, how dearly they—Lady Janet——"

"Don't," he said, stretching out his hand as if to lay it on her arm, but drawing it back before the actual contact. "I know what you would say, but it is too late."

"It is never too late!" she breathed; her hands clasped, her lovely face bent towards him; he could see the white edging of lace on her bosom rising and falling in the rapt eagerness of her emotion, her innocent eyes were raised to his pleadingly. His face went white, and his lips twitched. Then he forced a smile, from which she recoiled, discouraged, repelled.

"You do not know!" he said quietly. "It is too late. But when you see Lady Janet tell her——" He bit his lip. "No, tell her nothing." There was a moment or two of silence. Eva's heart was beating heavily. Pity, an innocent girl's pity, for this ruined life was throbbing through every vein.

"And was it my cousin, Stannard Marshbank, who discovered the copper on your father's land?" he said, after the pause.

"Yes," she said, with an indifference which was in marked contrast with the eager interest of a moment since. "Yes, it was he."

"He is a very clever fellow," he said. "Do—do you like him?"

Eva's brows came down.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "That was not a fair question."

"I have seen so little of Mr. Marshbank," Eva said. "My father likes him very much. But that is only reasonable."

Heriot Fayne nodded.

"Yes; I have no doubt he will make you—your father—a very rich man. He is clever—I mean Stannard Marshbank. I don't like him; but that is very natural," he smiled. "One is never passionately attached to the man who has supplanted one."

At this moment some persons came into the conservatory. Among them was Francis Winsdale. His face was flushed, his eyes sparkled with a subdued light of self-satisfaction. It was evident that he had been having a good time.

"Oh, Eva!" he said. "Here you are, I have been looking for you." Then, as he saw the tall, distinguishing-looking man seated beside her, he stopped.

"This is Lord Fayne, father," said Eva.

Mr. Winsdale did not indulge in a melodramatic start, whatever he may have felt; but bowed with his accustomed grace and savoir faire.

"Delighted to meet you Lord Fayne," he said, as if the outcast were the most desirable of men.

Heriot Fayne looked at him with a steady regard of the dark eyes. Even to that accomplished man of the world, Francis Winsdale, it seemed as if he were being weighed and measured.

"I was on the point of asking Miss Winsdale's permission to call on her," said Heriot Fayne.

"Delighted—delighted, I am sure," murmured Francis Winsdale, who would have been polite to a man on the way to be hanged. "We shall be at home every Tuesday afternoon—eh, Eva?"

Someone, an old friend, addressed him, and, as he turned aside, Heriot said, in a quick, low voice—

"Do you ride?"

Eva, rather startled by the suddenness of the inquiry, replied—

"Yes; I learnt at school, in France. I ride in the Row, after breakfast."

"Give me your address," he said. "I will come to-morrow, and ride with you, if I may."

She gave him the address of the rooms in Mayfair, which her father, on the strength of his coming fortune, had taken.

"To-morrow, then," he said.

As he spoke, Lady Seamount entered the conservatory, with Grace and Johnnie beside her.

"Your brother has played beautifully," she was saying. "You must come again. Are you fond of flowers? You may pick any blossom you like. There is a pretty one, that camellia. Can you reach it?"

Timidly, Grace leant forward, and picked one of the flowers. As she turned to thank the kind hearted countess, she lifted her eyes shyly, and looked round, and saw Heriot Fayne, who was standing beside Eva.

Grace's blue eyes opened to their widest extent, and, with a cry, she dropped the flowers, and stood staring at him. Fayne was bending over Eva, and did not see Grace.

Lady Seamount, surprised and alarmed, laid her hand upon Grace's shoulder.

"What's the matter, my child?" she asked.

Eva saw the start and the fall of the flowers, and waited anxiously for the answer. But, Grace, with slowly averted face, shook her head.

"It's—it's nothing!" she faltered, as she picked up the flowers. "It's nothing, ma'am—my lady, I mean," and she passed on, holding Johnnie's hand tightly.

CHAPTER XVI.

"WHAT a splendid fellow he is," exclaimed Mr. Winsdale.

Eva and he were seated at breakfast the following morning, and he looked, with an excited, eager face, from the letter he was reading.

"Who is a splendid fellow, father?" Eva asked, rather absently. She was unusually quiet that morning, and the beautiful face was rather pale and thoughtful; indeed, she had not slept very well. She thought that it was the excitement of her first experience of a fashionable assembly that had kept her awake; and yet, the only incidents which had haunted her were those connected with her meeting with Lord Fayne.

She had thought of him a great deal through the silent watches of the night. She had told herself that she ought to dislike and distrust him; that she ought to have escaped from him as soon as possible. He was a bad, a wicked man, to be avoided. And yet—and yet—there was something in his face, in the deep, musical voice, which had attracted her, and compelled her to—well, yes—like him.

The feeling he had awakened within her was unaccountable, and harassed her. She tired to get him, to think of something, someone, else; but she could not. She had been thinking of him when her father spoke.

"Who? Why, Stennard Marshbank," replied Mr. Winsdale. "I am reading a letter from him. You know that he has gone down to Cornwall to go over one of the big copper mines there, and see how it is worked. He is going to engage a foreman and miners; in fact, he is making preparations to start the mine at once."

"I didn't know," said Eva.

"No? I thought you told you. I still think so," he said, with a touch of impatience. "Sometimes, I fancy—forgive me if I am wrong, my dear Eva—that you do not take the—er—interest in the great good fortune of ours which one would expect you to do."

"Forgive me, dear," she said, feeling rather guilty. "And is everything going well?"

"Splendidly," he said, with quiet exultation. "It is bound to go well with such a man as Stannard at the head of affairs. There is nothing he does not know, nothing he cannot do. I never saw such a fellow! This letter—it is just a model of lucidity and completeness—leaves nothing untouched or unexplained. He will be up there—or down there, rather—for another week. I wish he were back. I miss him terribly. Ah, well!" He drew a long breath, and took up his other letters.

There was a quite a formidable pile of them beside his plate. "In a very short time we shall reap the harvest! It makes—makes my head swim when I think of it and all it means, all it will bring to us! And I thought," he laughed with self delusion, "that I had done with the world! But it is of you I think most, my dear Eva! Did you enjoy yourself last night? It was a most successful evening—most successful; and I rather think that a certain young lady of my acquaintance did not pass altogether unnoticed in the crowd," he added, looking at her with fond pride.

Eva blushed and smiled.

"That is meant for me, father," she said. "Shall I get up and drop you a curtsey. Yes, it was very pleasant, and I enjoyed it, because I saw that you were enjoying it. You seem to know everyone, and everyone was so glad to see you a ain."

He smoothed his moustache with his white, be-ringed hand, and smiled with self-satisfaction.

"Yes, I am not quite forgotten. It is not difficult to remember a man who is on the high road to fortune," he said, with his old cynicism. "By the-way, what an extraordinary thing that Lord Fayne should be there—most extraordinary! Everybody was talking about it. How did he come to be sitting beside you?"

"Lady Seamount introduced him," said Eva.

"Oh, rather odd, that; but she is odd and flurried. What on earth did he find to talk about? Such a man as that can have positively no conversation, excepting the last sporting news and the ballet."

"He did not mention either," said Eva; then, after a pause, she said, quietly, "Father, Lord Fayne asked me to ride with him this morning."

Mr. Winsdale stared at her in astonishment.

"What! Asked you to ride with him? You are jesting, Eva."

Eva smiled.

"Asked you to—ride! May I ask, if he was intoxicated?"

Eva flushed. "Father! you know that he was not!"

"I beg his pardon; but the surmise is not an unreasonable one. My dear Eva, you cannot ride with him, or any gentleman, alone. He knows that, if you do not."

Eva blushed painfully.

"I did not know. I am so—so ignorant! What harm would there be? And I"—she looked at him with her grave, lovely eyes—"promised that I would."

"You promised?" he repeated. "Good heavens! But, perhaps, you wanted to do so!" And he stared at her with a puzzled frown.

She was silent a moment; then she said, in a low voice—

"Yes, I wanted to."

Mr. Winsdale got up and went to the fire-place, and looked both annoyed and surprised.

"Wanted to ride with Heriot Fayne—a man of his character! I don't understand!"

Eva rose and stood beside him, and laid her hand on his arm.

"I will not go if—if you do not wish me to do so, father," she said. "But, I promised."

"Make some excuse—say you have a headache," he said impatiently. "Confound the man! What right?—my dear Eva, you do not know the world, or the conventionalities, or you would be aware that the thing is out of the question. You ought not to know this man!"

"You said he might call," said Eva.

Mr. Winsdale fidgetted uneasily under the grave, troubled regard of her pure eyes.

"My dear child, that was a façon de parler—er—one of those things one is bound to say. There was the man, a fellow-guest in a well known house."

A servant entered.

"Lord Fayne, miss," he announced.

"Confound it!" muttered Mr. Winsdale. "Show Lord Fayne up, if you please."

"I will go," said Eva.

"No, no! You cannot! Stay here! Ah, how do you do Lord Fayne?" And he went forward to meet Lord Fayne with outstretched hands, and his patrician, cordial smile.

Heriot Fayne was dressed in a correct Park riding suit—black coat, tall hat; and looked as quiet and irreproachable as he had done the preceding evening.

He told Eva's hand without any other greeting; and addressing Mr. Winsdale, said—

"You are not ready. I am too early. No time was fixed last night, and I came on the chance. Shall I go away again, or wait?"

This quiet self possession almost flurried Mr. Winsdale. The man behaved like—well, like anyone else.

"No—yes—yes," he said, with some momentary embarrassment. "I see! Er—I think there has been a little misapprehension. The fact is my daughter forgot—or did not know—that I don't ride. My dear Fayne, my riding days are over!"

Heriot Fayne looked from one to the other.

"I took it for granted that you rode with Miss Winsdale," he said; and Eva felt a thrill of triumph.

"Thanks! That is very nice of you; I suppose I look younger and more active than I am," said Mr. Winsdale, with a smile.

"I am sorry," said Heriot Fayne, quietly. "There is nothing for me to do but to take myself off," and he smiled gravely.

Mr. Winsdale coughed, and looked irresolutely from one to the other.

"That seems a pity," he said. "My daughter was just doing. Really—er—I think you might—eh? Your people and we are such close friends——"

Eva's face burnt; Heriot Fayne did not move a muscle, but stood waiting.

"You would like to go, Eva? And Lord Fayne has been kind enough to ride round——"

"It does not matter, father," said Eva, with downcast eyes. She did not know what to say.

"Come, I see you would like a gallop," said Mr. Winsdale, with spasmodic cheerfulness. "Run and put your habit on. Don't keep Lord Fayne waiting longer than you can help."

Eva put on her habit with hands that trembled unaccountably. Why had her father, after his strong opposition, yielded so quickly? Had this wicked young man fascinated him as well as herself? The termination of the question brought the blood to her face. Fascinated! Oh, how could she use such a word, even in the secrecy of her own thoughts! She hurried down to find the two gentlemen amicably smoking a cigarette; and her father greeted her with a smile and a nod.

"I'm afraid you will find my daughter's steed not a very brilliant performer, Fayne," he said. "It is only a hired hack. I hope soon to buy her a decent horse or two. You have heard, I suppose"—he smiled—"of the sudden freak of Fortune on my behalf?"

"Yes, I have heard, and I congratulate you," said Heriot Fayne, in his curt way. "Are you ready, Miss Winsdale? I will bring Miss Winsdale back safely."

Mr. Winsdale went down to the door. The two hired hacks, Eva's and the groom's, stood beside Heriot Fayne's handsome chestnut.

"That's a splendid animal of yours," he said; and he tried to put Eva into her saddle, but he bungled the business, and Heriot came forward and lifted her into her place with deft skill.

She rode off in the direction of the Park, the groom following them at a respectful distance. Heriot Fayne seemed thoughtful; and Eva could not—for the first time in her life—find anything to say. But as they came up to the park gate Fayne pulled up.

"Do you mind if we keep clear of the Park, Miss Winsdale?" he said.

"I do not mind in the least," she said.

"Very well; I can take you out of the crowded streets in a few minutes, and on to one of the commons."

Indeed it seemed only a few minutes before they were on to a wide stretching common, which, but for the houses that lined it, might have been in the depths of the country.

"And we are so near London! Oh, this is better than the Park!" said Eva. The exercise had brought the faint color to her face, and dispelled the embarrassment and shyness, which the mere fact of finding herself done with Lord Fayne had produced.

"Yes," he said quietly. "But there is not the reason why I came this way, and avoided the Park. Miss Winsdale, I wonder whether you can guess, have any idea of, the mixture of shame and gratitude which fills me to the brim."

"Shame? Gratitude?" she repeated in a low voice.

"Yes," he said. "I want to say what is in my mind, and have done with it. I want you to know that I am not the mass of impudence you must take me. Wait, don't speak for a momen', or you'll make my confession harder. Miss Winsdale, I had no right to ask you last night, to let me ride with you."

"No right?" faltered Eva.

"No!" he said, almost sternly. "A man of my character has forfeited all right to offer himself as a companion for a respectable woman. I did it on the spur of the moment last night; and I felt ashamed of it after you had left me. I had spent the night resolving to write an excuse; but here I am, you see. So much for good resolutions. But you are to blame as well as I."

"I—I to blame?" she said. What was it he was going to say? The strangeness of his speech its directness and candor, fascinated her. She rode beside him, not blushing, or confused, but with her eyes fixed upon him with an innocent gravity.

"Yes," he said. He was looking, not at her, but straight before him. "You are the first woman—of your class—who has ever spoken kindly, pityingly, to me. Others knowing me for what I am, shun me, or offer me the cold shoulder. And there they are quite right, quite. But you—you were not ashamed to speak to me; and though you know all about me, spoke to me—though you had only seen me for a few minutes—with gentleness, and kindness, and—pity!"

Eva trembled, and she turned her head away, that he might not see the tears that were rising to her eyes.

"It proves what a blackguard I am, that I at once took advantage of your goodness. I ought to have got up and gone away and shot myself. Yes, for I feel, perhaps for the first time in my life, what a wretch I am! But I took advantage, and—forced myself upon you."

"Not forced," said Eva, almost inaudibly.

"Yes, forced," he said. "A woman of the world would have refused, invented some excuse. But you are too good, too true, for that. Even this morning, when your father, instead of showing me the door, permitted you to come with me, you stood by your word."

Eva was silent, and he went on, after a long breath. "And that is why I am ashamed and grateful. And now, will you forgive me? If you will, I will promise never to present myself before you again."

"There is nothing to forgive!—yes I forgive you, then," said Eva, a smile breaking through the tears. "But—but, Lord Fayne, if—if the few words—how stupid, how presumptuous they must have seemed to you!—have clung in your memory, and—and affected you so, will you not still remember them, and let them bear fruit? If you knew how glad—ah! how poor a word that is!—Lord Averleigh and dear Lady Janet would be glad to see you——"

"Hush!" he said, almost hoarsely. "Do you remember what I said last night? It is too late for me to go back to them. I have made that impossible. Don't you know that I have yielded up my place to my cousin? Well, a bargain's a bargain. I had fair warning. He even came and tried to—what do you call it?—reform me. He meant well, I daresay, though he did it badly, and riled me. But I have made my choice, and it wouldn't be fair to him to go back on it now. I am a bad lot, Miss Winsdale, but I play the game on the square. I beg your pardon! I am afraid you don't understand. You see, I am not used to talking to ladies——"

"Yes, yes. I do understand!" she said, quickly.

"Thanks," he said, with the half-sad smile. "And now, only a word or two more. I can't go back to the Court, but"—his voice grew almost stern—"when you see my father and my Aunt Janet—God bless her!—will you tell them that you have seen me?"

"Yes, yes!" Eva whispered.

"And, that I am going to make a big try to get on the right track——"

"Oh, Lord Fayne!"

"I shall fail, very likely. They say you can't wash the spots out of a tiger—or something of that sort. I may break down over the preliminary canter, but I'll have a good try for it. Tell them that, and tell them that, if I come out of it all right, it will be because a young girl refused to turn her back upon me."

The tears were rolling down Eva's cheeks. He saw them, and his face went white.

"For heaven's sake, don't cry!" he said, hoarsely. "I am not worth a tear, a sigh, of yours—of any good woman's. Don't cry."

"If I am—crying—it is only a little!" faltered Eva. "It is because you have made me so happy, Lord Fayne."

He pulled up suddenly, and bent towards her—his eyes, his white face eloquent with strong emotion.

"I make you happy!" he breathed. "If you only knew what that sounds like to me. Why," he drew a long breath, "I would lay down my life to buy you a single moment of happiness——"

He checked himself, and forced a laugh; "But that sounds foolish," he said, "and makes you angry. You are saying to yourself that I must be—a little mad, to talk to you like this, when I have only seen you once before." He looked at her keenly, anxiously, as he said this; but as Eva murmured—

"Only once before; yes!" he looked relieved. "Yes, that is strange," she went on dreamily, almost to herself.

"What is strange?" he said, very quietly.

She looked up at him with a smile. Their horses were close together, so, though she spoke scarcely above a whisper, he could hear every word.

"The—the feeling that I have known you for a long time. It is because I know Lord Averleigh and Lady Janet, and am so fond of them."

He looked hard at the pure, innocent eyes.

"Yes, that must be it," he said under his breath. "It can't be anything else. Let us—let us have a gallop," he added, between his teeth.

The horses, which had been contentedly chatting together, stretched themselves gladly, and flew over the common.

A strange happiness, an indescribable lightness and joy, fluttered in Eva's bosom, like an imprisoned bird. She looked round the commonplace scene with a kind of wonder. What had come to her? What was the reason of this new, mysterious sense of happiness and content? She wanted to sing, to laugh aloud. It was as if some electric current were coursing through her veins.

Heriot Fayne rode beside her silently; but the light in her eyes was reflected in his dark ones. The same strange, mysterious current was coursing through his veins. But he knew the cause.

Now and again he glanced at her, and she seemed to feel the light of his eyes penetrating to her heart's core. She could not meet them. At times a strange shyness fell upon her.

They turned homewards; their gallop dropped to a canter. Suddenly, he pulled up, and leapt from his horse. He was

only just in time to catch her in his arms. The saddle-girths had got loose, and the saddle had slipped down.

"Oh! what is the matter?" she said, not with alarm, he noticed, but surprise.

"It is nothing!" he said. "The fool of a man hadn't drawn the girths tight. You—you are not frightened?" Unconsciously, he still held her, and her close contact was making his head swim, and robbing him of his self-possession.

"No," she said, in a low voice, so low that he could scarcely hear it. "I am not frightened; but it was so sudden!"

She drew away from him, and, with shaking hands, he fastened the girths.

"It is all right now," he said. "That confounded groom!" Fortunately for him, the confounded groom was half a mile away, smoking a surreptitious pipe. "Let me put you up."

She placed her foot in his hand, and he lifted her up to the saddle. She was made conscious of his strength—felt like a feather in his grasp—and was going to murmur her thanks, when, suddenly, his hand closed over hers, and he bent and kissed it.

The blood rushed to her face, her heart seemed to stop beating; but, strangely enough, she did not attempt to take her hand away; perhaps it was because he held it so tightly.

"Forgive me—forgive me!" he whispered, brokenly, hoarsely. "I did not know what I was doing. I——" He stopped, with his dark eyes fixed on hers imploringly, as a man pleading for his life might look. If she had met his eyes with a cold angry stare, all would have well; but there was something in her gaze which seemed to woo his next words, to draw them out of his heart—

"I love you!"

Eva drew a long breath, and sat like a statue; silent, wordless, immovable. He stood looking at her in awe and fear; then his eyes dropped, and, with bent head, he went to his horse, and mounted. They rode off in the same silence. Rode on and on, still wordless, Eva with downcast eyes; he looking straight before him.

They neared Endell Square, then he spoke—

"I will not ask you to forgive me, he said, hoarsely. "I do not deserve it. What can I say? Only this; that—that you shall not see me again."

A tremor seized her; but she could not speak.

"You see," he breathed hard, "I am not fit to be with you. You will not see me again."

Eva hung her head in silence for a moment. They came within sight of the house. Then she looked, not at him, but straight before her.

"And—and I may tell Lady Janet?"

"Yes," he said, almost inaudibly. "I will keep my word to you. Perhaps—perhaps, some day, if I win the fight; if I am less unworthy to come near you, I may come—to ask your forgiveness for—for what I have said to-day."

They had stopped at the house. He took her from the saddle, waited until the groom had rung the bell, then leapt upon his horse, and rode furiously, recklessly down the street.

And Eva stood as one stands in a dream. A mist seemed to envelope her. A strange joy, a sad doubt, fought within her for mastery.

She went straight to her room, and flung herself on her knees beside the bed. The touch of his lips seemed to burn her hands; his deep, musical voice still rang in her ears.

"I love you!—I love you!"

Was it real, or was it all only a dream? The world seemed slipping away from under her feet.

I love you!—I love you!"

CHAPTER XVII.

LOVE is the Great Mystery!

Lord Fayne, "Coster Dick," rode home a changed man. That which his father's remonstrances and exhortations, and even Lady Janet's prayers, had been powerless to effort, had been brought about by an innocent, unsophisticated girl.

He rode home at a pace which fills the public with fear, and the police with indignation. His brain seemed on fire, his heart was melting. The expression which a street boy hurled after him, "'E dunno where 'e are!" exactly described his condition. He did not know where he was.

The whole world, as well as himself, seemed changed. His past life rose before him in all its hideousness. The years of dissipation and folly—worse than folly—passed before him like a panorama.

And he—he, the outcast, the byeword of society—had dared to kiss the hand of this pure, white saint. Had dared to tell her that he loved her. A spasm of shame, of fear, at his audacity, ran through him.

And yet, how strange, how odd it was! Until to-day no woman had ever made him afraid. Women had been to him fair game; to be hunted, beguiled, deceived. His heart had never quailed until now; his cool audacity had never failed until now. Love! He had laughed at it, sneered at it. But now he knew what it meant, and he laughed no longer.

He went up to his room, and looked round it with loathing; at the champagne bottles on the sideboard, at the sporting papers littering the chairs and tables, at the prints of race horses and pugilists and ballet girls on the walls. He could have flung the whole lot out of the window.

He threw himself into a chair, and leant his head upon his hand, and went over every incident, every word she had spoken, during the ride.

How lovely she was; how much better than lovely—good and sweet. She was like an angel, and he—devil that he was—had dared to touch her pure hand with his lips; had dared to tell her that he loved her.

What should he do? He remembered that he had promised never to see her again, never to obtrude his presence upon her until—ah! until he had proved himself less unworthy! But could he ever be more worthy of seeing her, speaking to her, touching her hand?

What could he do? He got up, and paced the room, his handsome face haggard and drawn with the stress of his emotion; and all the time he was trying to decide upon some new course of life, her face rose before him, her voice sang in his ears.

Would the day ever come when he could go to her, and say "I am still unworthy to touch the hem of your robe; still unworthy to kneel before you; but I love you. I love you, and for the rest of my life I will be your slave, your servant, if you will but try and love me but a little in return!"

Hour after hour passed, and the day began to wane.

Worn out by the fierce flame that burnt like a living fire within him, he rose and went to the sideboard, and poured out a glass of brandy. He did so absently, mechanically; he had always gone to brandy in his fits of depression. But he paused, with the glass almost to his lips, then flung it into the grate. He would drink spirits no more!"

He rang the bell, and his servant came, with his usual promptitude.

"Stubbles, I am going away," said Heriot. "I may be away some time. You can stay on here. I shall not want you with me."

"Yes my lord. Shall I pack the usual things?"

"No," he replied. "I will pack what I want."

Stubbles bowed. He was used to his master's erratic movements.

"And, Stubbles," continued Heriot, "have—have this room cleared out. Take down these pictures, and get rid of them. Sell them, burn them, do what you like with them. You understand?"

"Yes, my lord," said Stubbles, with an unmoved countenance. He would have looked just as unmoved if his master had told him to chop up the piano.

"Tell anyone who may ask for me that I have gone abroad; that it is uncertain when I may return. You have paid most of the bills?"

"Yes, my lord, nearly all."

Heriot went to his escritoire, and took out some notes—the remainder of the money which his horse, Potiphar, had won—and threw them across the table. "That ought to be enough to carry you on. I will send you my address, later on."

"Yes, my lord. Mr. Watson, the trainer, has been here this morning. He is coming again in about half an hour."

"Very well. I will see him."

When Stubbles had gone, Heriot Fayne fell to pacing the room again. He was going away, but where, and what to do?

Watson, the trainer, arrived before any decision had been come to, and Stubbles showed him up.

"Sorry to disturb your lordship," he said, after a glance at the haggard face; "but I wanted your instructions about Potiphar. I suppose you will enter him for the Three Thousand Guineas?"

"No," said Heriot Fayne, curtly.

The trainer looked surprised.

"No? He is in splendid form, my lord."

"I shall not run him again. I am giving up racing. You can sell him and the rest to-morrow, if you like."

Mr. Watson stared.

"Surely, my lord," he began, remonstratingly.

"Sell them, please," said Heriot, rather less curtly, but none the less firmly. "I mean what I say. There are plenty of men who will take him, and the others. Sell them all."

The trainer bit his lip.

"I beg your pardon, Lord Fayne, but you know you are parting with a small gold mine. Potiphar is next door to a certainty for the Three Thousand, and there are one or two of the rest that are as promising as can be. The luck is going to change, if I am not mistaken, and——"

Heriot Fayne scarcely seemed to hear him.

"I've done with it," he said, almost to himself. "Who was it asked you if I would sell the hunter and the tandem pair?"

Watson mentioned the name of a well-known sporting nobleman.

"Very good. Tell him that he may have them. You know what they are worth. Deduct your account, and pay the balance in to my bank. There won't be much. See, here, Watson," he went on, laying his hand on the man's shoulder. "I have no complaint to make against you. You have served me faithfully; have done so, very often, to your own disadvantage. There are a dozen men who will jump at you, and wisely. But my mind's made up over this business. Never mind the reasons. Say I'm tired of it. You know," with a grim smile, "I've a knack of suddenly getting tired of things. Clear me out of the whole show, and take a better man for your principal."

Mr. Watson colored.

"Very well, my lord," he said, sadly. "I'll carry out your instructions, of course, and I shall go with the horse, whoever buys him. As to getting a better man—well, my lord, I speak of a man as I find him, and, whatever people may say, I have found you as straight and considerate a sportsman as ever a man worked for. I'm sorry, my lord—sorry!"

When the trainer had gone, Heriot Fayne went to his writing-table, and turned over his letters. They were, most of them, invitations. There was one for a supper-party, with cards, for the night, and he had accepted it. He wrote a note of excuse; he, who had never hitherto taken the trouble to excuse a broken engagement!—and declined several others. In the course of doing so he remembered Grace and Johnnie, and he wrote a short note to Lady Seamount, asking her to engage the pair as often as she could, and recommend them to her friends.

Then he went into his bedroom and changed his correct morning suit for one of rough tweed. He had thought of putting on the coster clothes; but, for the first time, he regarded them with abhorrence.

Even when he had effected the change in his dress, he had not arrived at any decision as to his movements; but, suddenly, as he glanced absently round the room, he saw his violin-case, and an idea sprang into his mind.

He sat on the edge of the bed, and looked before him vacantly, with a smile of grim satisfaction on his face. He longed to get away from London, from the place and associates which, since the morning, had become hateful to him; to be rid of the luxury and dissipation which had hitherto enslaved him; to prove his manhood by earning his living as the vast majority of men did. There was only one way in which he could do it. He would try!

This resolution was characteristic of the man and his impetuous, impulsive nature. If there had been a war going on, he would very probably have enlisted; but, for a wonder, there was no "little war" on hand; there was nothing he could do but this one thing, and he resolved to do it.

When it was quite dark, he put a few pounds into his pocket, packed a small knapsack, and, with his violin under his arm, left the house, and walked—he had very nearly hailed a cab—to a railway station, and took a ticket—third class—for one of the small country stations about twenty miles from London, and, having arrived there, made his way to the village.

It was a small and picturesque place, so countryfied that it might have been a hundred miles, instead of a score, from the great metropolis of noise and smoke, and he drew a long breath of the pure, hay-scented air, as, halting just in front of the inn, he took out his violin and began to play. He thought, with a smile, of the night he had played for Johnnie at the corner of Piccadilly, but the remembrance gave place to a vision of Eva.

What would she think, if she could know that he had left his old life for ever? Would she be glad? The thought of her inspired him. He forgot his assumed character, that he was playing in a country village for pence; it was to be beautiful girl with the sweet, gentle, pitying eyes and voice that he was pouring out his heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

JUDGING BY THE CROW.—In some Southern localities the colored people believe that if a crow croaks an odd number of times, foul weather will follow; if even, the day will be fine.

THE CRANK.—The word "crank" is frequently used. Its origin may not be generally known. The cranke was one of the rogues and vagabonds of Shakspere's time. It was the character name of one who feigned the falling sickness.

TIME IN DAHOMEY.—The manner in which time is computed in Dahomey during the night hours is laborious and careful. At each gate of a stockaded town is posted a sentry, who is provided with a pile of stones, the exact number of which has been ascertained. The night is divided into four watches. During each watch the sentry removes the pile of stones, one by one, at a measured pace from one gate to another, calling out each tenth removal; when all are removed, the watch is relieved.

HEAD AND TAIL.—In Eastern countries it is sometimes the custom of wealthy men to speak of their servants as "tails." If a servant has not obeyed his master, he is liable to be asked—especially if the master be ill-tempered as well as rich—"Who are you? Are you the head or the tail?" Again, should a person of low degree begin to eat before his betters have broken their fast, they will address him in a bantering tone—"What! is the tail to commence to wag before the head?" This it is to be an Oriental wag.

JAPANESE FOOTGEAR.—The Japanese hardly ever wear any shoes or slippers but such as are made of plaited rice-straw. They cost a mere trifle, are found exposed for sale in every town and village, and the pedestrian supplies himself with new shoes as he goes along, while the more provident man always carries two or three pairs with him for use, throwing them away as they wear out. Old worn-out shoes of this description are found lying everywhere by the sides of the roads, especially near rivulets, where travelers, on changing their shoes, have an opportunity at the same time of washing their feet.

NO THOROUGHFARE.—The great island Madagascar that lies to the south-east of Africa is a very peculiar country in several respects. It has no roads, no horses, no mules, no donkeys. How, then, do folk get about from one part to another? The natives use tracks through bush and forest. They are swift of foot, and carry even big parcels on their heads or shoulders. But the white settlers are not equal to this fatigue, owing to heat and risks of low fever. For them, then, the only way to travel is in the palanquin—a kind of couch or chair borne by four porters. Eight porters always go with the palanquin—four to carry and the other four to relieve them when they wish for a rest.

EVERGREENS.—Few customs are so ancient as that of bedecking houses with evergreens at winter. With us it has become a Christmas custom, but it was common in many countries long before the Christian era. The Druids were great lovers of trees, and, according to Pliny, made the cutting of the mistletoe a religious ceremony; this is noted by the poet Drayton. During feudal times; in the baron's hall and in houses generally, the mistletoe bec ame especially associated with rustic merriment. On this account, and probably also from its being identified with the heathen custo m of the Druids, this plant was excluded from the evergreens used in the Christmas decorations of churches.

A BOW-AND-ARROW DUEL.—Although the silly and wicked custom of duelling is still practised in Germany, France, and elsewhere, it has been extinct in the United Kingdom for perhaps half a century. The two fighters generally used swords, or pistols, but there is on record a case in which two men met in the Meadows at Edinburgh, on the 10th of February, 1791, to satisfy their "wounded honor" with bows and arrows. Each combatant had a second, but there was only one surgeon between the two. After firing three shots apiece without hitting anything in particular excepting Mother Earth, the two archers parted, their honor, no doubt, being greatly the better for the pleasing pastime. Still, the Scotsmen were shrewd and canny enough to choose weapons that gave both of them a very fair chance of coming out of the encounter unharmed, whatever might have happened to a mere onlooker or even a passer by.

NOT ALONE.

BY H. C. B.

Love! strange, unfathomable passion, sown
By God's own hand within the breast of man,
Which, ever since this world of ours began,
Unnumbered years long past, has lived and grown.

But Love's bright flame can never live alone:
A warm, responsive impulse it inspires
Within some other breast, and its desires
By some strange instinct to that breast are shown.

We may not love the thing we would: our hearts,
Our hopes are not our own, we know them not;
The mind, the form, which love to us imparts,
We cannot choose. God does himself allot.
The strangest passion of man's wondrous soul
Is love, which scorns his guidance and control.

ALTHEA'S TRIAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CATHERINE MAITLAND'S BURDEN," "BENEFIT OF CLERGY," "THE VICAR'S AUNT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

HER interest in the conversation had quickened again. Possibly she thought that a ready encouragement might condense it slightly.

"He wants, and I've said it from the first, now, haven't I, Mrs. Green?—he wants to get married. Such a nice young man as him would be a deal better off, settled. I don't think nothink at all of that Mrs. French of his! And him being a doctor seems to want it all the more, as you may say. Folk think a lot of him now, to be sure! but they'd think a lot more of him if he was married."

"Well, but isn't there any chance of it, if he's so attractive?" said Miss Chase with an air of extremely finished diction.

Althea was leaning forward, one hand on the corner of the table, her ears strained to catch every word.

"There's them as say there is, and them as say there ain't!" responded Mrs. Johnson oracularly.

"But you holds that there is, yourself," put in Mrs. Green. Apparently they had often discussed the same subject, and she knew precisely what points to help her friend to make.

"Well, then, yes; that I do. And I'm not the only one, though. There's more than me seen him talking to Miss Rose Swinton, the day she picked them roses as she was ridin' past his garden wall. And there's more than me see'd 'em get into the same carriage off Fern Morton station platform Christmas time. Set on her, he was by his ways."

Althea had risen. Her hand was gripping the mantelpiece now with a force that shook that rickety structure.

"And a very nice and very pretty young lady she is; and a nice pair they'd make," said Mrs. Green with some fervor. "I'm sure I hope we sha'l be having Miss Swinton here to live. They'd look well together, him and her."

Althea left her hold of the mantelpiece suddenly, walked to the door of the room and shut it. Then she walked straight through the door of communication into her bedroom, shut it and locked it, and flinging herself on the ground with her head on a chair, broke into stormy, stifled sobs and tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

"DR. MEREDITH! I thought I was not deceived in the sound of the wheels!"

It was a miserable morning. The scattered clouds of the night before had united again, and were coming down in a steady, fine rain. But Mr. Swinton did not seem even to know this, much less to heed it.

He was standing, bareheaded, on the doorsteps of the Rectory; those same steps where Rose Swinton herself had stood to greet Dr. Meredith a few weeks ago. And he had been standing there some time when Dr. Meredith's dogcart drew up before them, for his bent shoulders were wet with rain.

With his words he came eagerly down another step, and made as if he would have helped Dr. Meredith to dismount, by way of accelerating his movements. But long before those anxious, nervous hands could have helped him, Dr. Meredith had jumped down, and had turned to the macintosh figure which had sat by his side.

He half held out his hand to his assistant, but, apparently recollecting himself, drew back quickly, and leaving the slight figure to clamber down alone, alertly enough, he turned round to Mr. Swinton.

"Come in, sir," he said, with a kindly authoritativeness, "or we shall have you ill next!"

The poor old man looked, indeed, as if Dr. Meredith's prognostication were not at all unlikedly to be fulfilled. His spare, bent form was shrunken until it looked about half its proper proportion; his always worn face was aged and thin; and his meek, short sighted eyes were dulled with grief. He submitted meekly enough to be led into the shelter of the hall, and then he turned his sad old face to Dr. Meredith almost appealingly.

"I'd been watching for you," he said heavily. "I began to think I had made a mistake; but you said you would come early, I knew!"

"And I have come early, Mr. Swinton," said Dr. Meredith, making his voice as cheerful as he could, though the sight of the forlorn old father made cheerfulness difficult indeed of attainment. "And I have brought my assistant with me," he added, turning as he spoke to look for Althea.

The gray clothed figure had divested itself of macintosh and hat, and Dr. Godfrey came forward quickly to be introduced, and acknowledge the courteous bow which old Mr. Swinton roused himself from his anxiety to give.

"He and I thought," continued Dr. Meredith, "that another opinion might be good."

The poor old face seemed to lighten for a moment.

"That's very good of you!" Mr. Swinton said quaveringly. "I know you are doing all you can for her; I've known that all the time. But it's very good of you. She's very ill. Very ill!" he added mournfully. "Nurse says she's had a very bad night. You'll find her very ill, Dr. Meredith!"

"Still, I may find her better than yesterday; there may be some improvement, you know. I'll go up at once."

Dr. Meredith spoke in the brisk, professional tone that is, in itself, to some extent reassuring, and Mr. Swinton looked a trifle less hopeless as he moved to allow Dr. Meredith to mount the staircase. His assistant followed in silence; a silence that she had preserved almost unbroken during their drive.

He had told her everything he had to tell her, she had said, when Dr. Meredith began to talk about the case; there was no need for further details. And though her voice was by no means so curt as on the night before, there was a tone about it that made Dr. Meredith respect her wishes.

The odd, dark lines that had been round Althea's eyes when she broke into Dr. Meredith's sitting-room, had deepened during the past hour into heavy shadows; and the fresh air had by no means driven from her face the pallor which strongly accentuated them.

It was very set and firm; set into a rigid expression of what seemed to be resolution, before which every other particle of expression had fled. Her eyes were fixed and glowing with a steady light.

As she mounted the staircase that pallor deepened; but her step and carriage matched her expression in firmness of demeanor. Only once, on the top stair, she made a sudden pause, and her hand fell very heavily on the ornamentation of the baluster.

But it was so short as to be almost imperceptible; the instant after, with the coolest and most professional self possession, she followed Dr. Meredith across the landing and through the door that had been instantly opened in response to his knock.

It was a large room that they entered—a room possessing the best aspect in the whole house, and the prettiest outlook from its two large windows. The outlook was hidden now by the dark blinds drawn halfway over the windows to keep out the summer daylight, which, cold though it was this morning, forced its strength searchingly through every cranny.

There was something almost pathetic about the traces of girlish occupation which the room contained, and the way in which they were all crushed and subordinated by a stronger touch than poor Rose's own.

The useless nicknacks, the pretty toilet-table trifles, the hundred odds and ends with which its mistress had delighted to garnish her room, were swept into corners to make room for sterner things, which looked oddly incongruous beside them. A fanciful little table in the window, which Rose kept for her smart writing materials, contained now a methodical array of medicine glasses, bottles, spirit-lamp, and half a dozen other necessary details.

The fresh muslin draperies of the mantelshelf were all fastened up, and from the wide shelf itself all the photograph frames and bits of pottery in which Rose delighted had been swept away to make room for things which were wanted close to the fire. And all these supplantings were, in their turn, only part of that curious presence, compounded of fear and hope, which haunts every sick-room, and creates an atmosphere of its own.

Dr. Meredith glanced quickly towards the bed, and then began to interchange rapid, low-toned words with the nurse. His assistant stood listening attentively for a moment or so, with her gray eyes riveted all the time to the bed; then she turned and went up to it, silently and suddenly.

It stood in the middle of the room, with its head against the wall, and facing one of the darkened windows; a screen—a pretty Japanese screen that Rose had saved much pocket-money to buy—standing across the end to complete the work of the blinds.

It was a moment or so before Dr. Godfrey's eyes, accustomed as they were to them that Althea clearly saw what she had come to see. The pretty, girlish figure lay tossing restlessly and incessantly; the long, thick hair which Rose Swinton had kept always so elaborately arranged had been cut off; the blue eyes were wild and unconscious; and the pretty lips were dry and brown with fever.

They moved incessantly, and in a thin, high voice the girl rambled on and on without a moment's intermission; long, incoherent sentences came from those dry lips, never ceasing, but never comprehensible.

The change that the past ten days had made was terrible indeed to see; for an instant, as she stood and looked down at Rose Swinton's restless figure, something seemed to touch and shake Althea's professional composure.

A curious short spasm flashed across her face, and a look of intensely passionate feeling of some sort shone out in the great gray eyes; but it was only for an instant, and then Althea's pale face had regained its perfect composure, and she bent over the unconscious girl with keen professional scrunity and touch.

She had only just ended her brief examination as Dr. Meredith came up to her.

"Well?" he said in a low tone, full of eager anxiety.

Althea drew him away to the window, but even when she had done so, she seemed to find it difficult to begin to speak. Her lips, apparently, were very dry and stiff. Unconsciously he helped her by repeating his question.

"What do you think?" he said in a quick, anxious voice. "What view do you take?"

Althea moistened her lips once convulsively, then, in a low voice, began to give him her ideas and her suggestions.

A quarter of an hour later the two descended the stairs again together. Althea Godfrey had ended all she had had to say, and he lips were set, while her face was, if possible, paler than ever. Dr. Meredith looked a trifle less careworn. To his face had come the relief of a divided burden only.

It was very thoughtful, for he was turning over all Althea had just said. She had thought quite as gravely of the case as his own gravest fears; but she had suggested to him a slight variation in the treatment.

At the foot of the stairs, waiting, as he had waited on the doorstep for their arrival, was Mr. Swinton. The heavy old eyes were full of a question he seemed almost afraid to put into words.

"Is she better to-day?" he said at last quaveringly. "Do you find her any better?"

Before Dr. Meredith could answer, Althea Godfrey stepped forward and had taken one of the old man's hands in hers with a quick impulsive gesture that seemed at once odd and natural.

"We hope she may be," she said gently. "We must hope from hour to hour, Mr. Swinton; and we are doing our best."

The desolate old man looked gratefully into the pale young face bent towards his.

"You are very good, sir," he said. There seemed to be no other form of thanks possible to his weary senses. "Very good."

"We shall both be here again this afternoon," added Althea encouragingly.

But the words had the reverse effect to what she had intended. It is impossible to say what definite idea was in Mr. Swinton's mind, confused with sorrow as it was; but he seemed to have fastened all his hopes to the coming of Dr. Meredith that morning, and evidently the thought of letting him go again was a blow he scarcely seemed able to realize.

"You are going," he said hesitatingly, "you are both going? Will you—could you not, one of you stay, just to watch her, you know? I can send, of course; oh, yes, I have kept the horse ready for days; but it is so long before you can get here. Just to watch her, you know?"

There was something in the unexpected and almost childishly expressed request that was curiously appealing. And it appealed evidently to both the hearers.

Dr. Meredith looked doubtfully at his assistant; his assistant looked steadily at him.

"I will stay," she said firmly. "You can do without me quite well. I'll stay till you come this afternoon."

He looked at her with a look that was more nearly gratitude than any look Althea had had from him since the day of her arrival, and a very faint flush of color darted for an instant into his assistant's white face.

But the next moment it was gone again and she was quietly giving him a brief message as to some drugs that were to be sent over immediately from the surgery.

It was about five o'clock, and the unnaturally cold, gray afternoon was beginning to look grayer yet at the approach of evening, when Dr. Meredith and the dog cart drew up for the second time at the Rectory doorway. Old Mr. Swinton was not visible this time, and Dr. Meredith got down, fastened the horse up, and entered the half-open hall door unobserved.

There was a curious deep hush all over the house. No sound of any movement or life was to be heard anywhere. Dr. Meredith stood with one foot on the lowest stair, hesitating as to what course he would take to make his presence known. Just as he had decided to go straight up at once a quick, light step sounded above, and his assistant came swiftly down to meet him.

Althea's face was drawn into harassed lines. In her gray eyes was visible even more anxiety than his own had held when he had asked her help on the night before. All the force of her expression seemed transferred into this one feeling; and there was behind it, as it were, a suggestion of a heavy strain, which seemed to pervade all her personality. It conveyed the idea of an intensely close struggle, an almost desperate effort.

"I was sure I heard you, Jim," she said in a low, hurried voice. "Come up, will you, and see what you think. I'm afraid it's no good, Jim; I'm afraid, I'm beaten. I'm nearly sure I am. I think she is sinking."

Althea gave a quick, heavy sigh.

"I've made that poor dear old thing go and rest," she added, as they rapidly ascended the staircase, "and I shan't call him unless—unless I must. He can do nothing but break his heart."

They had reached the door of Rose Swinton's room. Althea paused for one moment with the handle in her hand.

"I've done my best, Jim," she whispered. "I do assure you I have." And when, after a long half hour, during which Dr. Meredith had owned to himself and to Althea that he, too, feared that they were on the losing side in the fight that had been going on so fiercely and yet so quietly all that long, cold summer day, the two came out again. Althea repeated her words; repeated them with an emphasis that vaguely haunted Dr. Meredith for the whole evening afterwards. "I have done my very best, Jim," she said very earnestly. "And I will do it—you believe that?"

The two were on the stairs, and as he looked rather wonderingly at her, without speaking, she made a quick movement.

"I must go back," she said. "I'm not coming with you. I shall stay here to-night."

Before Dr. Meredith could answer or remonstrate she had gone back into Rose Swinton's room and shut the door.

CHAPTER IX.

OH, Jim! say it's all right. Say you think she will do! Say I've not made any mistake!"

Once more Dr. Meredith and his assistant were standing outside Rose Swinton's door. But it was eight o'clock on the following morning, and twenty-four hours since they had arrived together in the rain.

"Yes, I do say it!" he said in a voice which, though necessarily low was excited almost to elation. "Indeed, she will do; if nothing utterly unforeseen happens

she will do admirably. It's all your doing, Thea, all! I don't know how to thank you!"

The two were quite alone. Old Mr. Swinton, who had been up all night, wandering restlessly and miserably from room to room, had fallen towards morning into a heavy sleep, from which no one had waked him yet, even to hear good news.

For there was good news to hear. Throughout all the night Dr Godfrey and the nurse had watched Rose Swinton together, fully believing that each hour as it broke must be the one to see the end.

The nurse had so completely given up hope that she would have been almost ready to give up hope's endeavor, too, if it had not been for Dr. Godfrey. Althea shared her hopelessness to its fullest extent; but there seemed to be in her an indomitable spring of intense determination to win the fight if by any remote chance it might be possible, and whatever happened to fight desperately to the very last. And when, just before the early summer dawn began to break, they were both uncertain for a moment whether the change that rapidly showed itself on the almost unrecognizably fevered features, was or was not the beginning of the very last change, Althea still insisted on perserving with the treatment she had steadily used without intermission all night long; perserved in spite of its apparent utter uselessness.

Half an hour later the two looked at one another in silent amaza. The change had come indeed, but it was a change to life, not to death.

And from that hour to half-past seven, when Dr. Meredith's wheels were heard, Althea had sat, motionless, watching the girlish figure sleeping the sleep which was to bring it life.

She had brought Dr. Meredith in, and now, at eight o'clock, she had come out again with him to ask him the question that her trembling lips had hardly found themselves able to put into words.

As Dr. Meredith spoke his last words, she turned round to him suddenly and caught at his arm.

"Jim!" she said faintly. "Jim! Will you take me home? I'm so tired. It's very silly, but I'm very tired."

Dr. Meredith looked at her face and then drew her arm firmly into his own, took her downstairs quickly, put her straight into the waiting dog cart, and tucked the rug carefully round her.

"You'll be best in the air, I think," he said, with a careful solicitude in his tone. He went on to explain that he would only keep her waiting while he went back into the house to leave a message for Mr. Swinton as to his own return.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Tommy.

BY J. S W.

I SCARCELY know how to describe my friend Tommy. When I first knew him he was a little creature, with great solemn eyes and a mouth which had a pathetic little droop at the corners, as if Tommy was not quite sure whether he ought not to make his face indicative of an everlasting regret at finding himself in this hard cruel world, where every one seemed to misunderstand him and where nobody, not even his mother, seemed particularly to have any need of him or of anything that he could do. He was rather a tall boy for his age, which was some ten years at that time, and he was slight and slim and inclined to be nervous and what his father persisted in calling girlish.

"Oh, Tommy will never be a man," Major Brookes used to say sometimes. "Ah, well, it really does seem queer that I should have a son who is afraid of a horse and shrinks away from a dog and is a regular little duffer all round; yes, it does seem queer, as if there must be something wrong somewhere—'something rotten in the state of Denmark.'"

And then he would give a great boisterous laugh such as made all poor Tommy's delicate nerves shiver and Tommy's face grow pale and his eyes grow bigger and bigger with a something which was not exactly fright, but which was an expression of a feeling that came about midway between and fright and pain, that pain which we have all felt at some time or other and which very few of us are able clearly to define. "However," the major would wind up, "Tommy is as he is and we must just make the best of him, only it's no use getting him dogs and ponies and so on; that's a sheer waste of money. Get him a doll and teach him the violin."

As a matter of fact, however, nobody did get Tommy a doll and he was never taught that violin, but his mother sent him to a day school and also found a young lady who would look after him when school hours were over; and then his father and mother went on their way very much as if Tommy had no existence.

As for Tommy, he got on with his lessons and spent a great deal of his time reading and dreaming, and his face grew paler and his great eyes bigger than ever, and Major Brookes wondered more and more how he had come to be father to such a boy as Tommy.

And then something happened, something which made all England ring with his name, and which made Major Brookes feel as if he had, in his shy and nervous little son, been entertaining a hero unawares. For one night he awoke to find his room full of smoke, smoke so thick that he found himself coughing and choking intolerably almost before he realized what was the matter.

And in spite of his nervousness and his so-called girlishness, Tommy never hesitated what he should do. He jumped out of bed and went into the adjoining room, where the young lady who was his governess and companion slept.

"I say, Miss Cooke," he said, catching hold of her by the shoulder and shaking her so as to awaken her, "I believe the house is on fire. Hadn't you better get up?"

Miss Cooke was wide awake in a moment. "What's the matter? What is all this smoke—oh, the house is on fire, do you say? Oh, you naughty, naughty boy; what do you mean by playing with the matches? Oh dear, dear, what will the major say?"

"Miss Cooke," said Tommy, shaking her again, "I've not been playing with matches—it's the middle of the night, and you are wasting time, for the house is burning fast—the smoke is belching up the stairs like a volcano"—Tommy had been reading about Vesuvius the previous day—"and we shall be burnt to death if you don't do something. Get up, Miss Cooke."

Thus admonished, Miss Cooke got out of bed and began hurriedly to scramble into her garments, talking fast all the time and with no real idea of the awful and deadly danger that they were in.

"Dear, dear, then it must have been those careless servants; and to think of your father and mother being away too. Just the one thing I would not have had happen for the whole world if I could have helped it. Really, it is trying. I went all round and saw that everything was safe last night, and to-night, just because I did not, they must needs go and get the house on fire."

"Miss Cooke," said Tommy with patient exasperation, "can't you feel how hot the floor is? Do let us go down—if the stairs will hold us."

Somehow the boy's words served to awaken the girl to a full sense of the peril of their situation. She clutched hold of him.

"Tommy," she said in a trembling voice, "if the stairs won't bear us we shall be burnt alive as sure as we stand here. Come, let us make haste and get up as quickly as we can. I wonder the servants have not heard it long before this."

She seized hold of Tommy's hand and dragged him to the door, but the flames had already cut off all chance of escape in that direction and were pouring up the well of the staircase like a miniature Inferno.

"Tommy," gasped the girl, "it is all up with us; we are completely done for." She sank down upon the nearest chair and stared at Tommy with wild eyes.

"The servants are sure to wake up," said Tommy.

"No, they sleep in the other wing of the house and all their windows look the opposite way; we shall be roasted alive before they even know that there is any fire at all."

"Let us ring and ring and ring," suggested Tommy.

"No good," returned the girl, beginning to cry and sob. "The bells are all off. I promised your mother that I would get them re-charged before she came home The man is coming to do them to-morrow morning, and he will find no bells to do," she ended, with a laugh, which was almost a scream.

"Let us go to the window and shout," said Tommy, and so they did, but all in vain; no answering shout came back to them. They heard only the sound of their own terrified voices and the hissing and roaring of the fire below.

"Miss Cooke," said Tommy, "haven't you any rope?"

She flew to the wardrobe and dragged out two small coils of thin rope, which had been used for cording her boxes.

"This would not bear my weight," she said dolefully, for she was a tall, well-grown girl.

"But it would bear mine," cried Tommy eagerly, "and if I can only get down, I can soon rouse some one and get you a ladder. I believe I could get the ladder by myself," he added hopefully.

"Tommy," burst out his companion impulsively, "we have called you a little duffer, but you are a real hero——"

"Miss Cooke," said Tommy, breaking in upon her words, "I don't think there is any time; if you'll help me to tie this rope together and to make it fast to something, I'll go now."

Even while he was speaking, Miss Cooke began to fasten the two ends of the rope together with nervous and eager fingers, and in a few moments it was dangling over the window-sill towards the ground.

"Are you sure you dare go, Tommy?" the governess asked, her sudden admiration for "the little duffer" reminding her of the great task he was about to attempt.

"Yes," answered Tommy simply, though in truth he was quaking with fright, half on account of the terrible slide to the ground and half on account of the to him still more terrible plunge into the dark night.

But he never hesitated. He boldly slipped over the sill and let himself down. There was a dull thud, and something like a groan, and that was all which which the anxious girl at the window could hear. She leant forward and listened—in the darkness of the night she could see nothing.

"Tommy," she called, "Tommy, are you all right?"

"Yes, I'm all right?" the answer came back. "Hold on—I'll be back in a minute."

Then she heard his footsteps pass along by the side of the house until they were shut off by the dread sound of the roaring flames beneath. A few minutes went by—already the floor was so hot that Eva Cooke could no longer bear to let her feet touch the floor, and she set the four chairs which the room contained in a row so that she could pass to the bed.

Then she began to fasten the sheets and quilt together, and several times she went to the window with other portions of the bedding, all of which she flung out so that they might help to break her fall, if she should be driven to trust herself to the rope by which Tommy had descended and the frail addition of the sheets which she had knotted together. Then there was a shout from below:

"Miss Cooke, are you there? Miss Cooke."

"Yes, yes, I'm here," she cried, skipping over the chairs to the window . . . then in uncontrollable excitement held out her arms to the people standing below.

Even as she did so the flames, with a fierce cracking sound, burst through the joints of the floor boards. The girl hurriedly scrambled on to the window-ledge, while the ladder by which she would descend was being got into position. A moment later she stepped down on to the firm ground and clasped the child, who had the heart of a hero, in her arms.

"I doubt Master Tommy has fainted," said George, who had been servant to the major for six or seven years . . . "He's a delicate little chap, miss, and all of this has been too much for him."

"But for Master Tommy," cried Miss Cooke, with a suspicious choke in her voice . . . "we should both, nay, probably all of us, have been burned alive. Where can we carry him!"

"Into the harness room, miss," answered the man. "Mason is there; he's getting a fire ready in case any one is hurt."

He took the unconscious boy from her and carried him to the stables, which were very near to the house, yet not attached to it. And then they put him down in front of the fire and briskly chafed his hands until he opened his eyes and came to himself again.

"Miss Cooke?" he said in a faint voice.

"She's all right, sir," said George.

"Dear Tommy, you have saved my life," the girl burst out in great emotion.

He put up his left hand and stroked her cheek . . . "I'm so glad," he said faintly . . . "But, Miss Cooke, I'm afraid I've hurt my arm a little . . . when I fell, you know . . . " and then Tommy slipped off into unconsciousness again.

And when the doctor came, he found the arm was broken . . . but no one ever called Tommy a duffer again.

A CROCODILE ADVENTURE.

Much light is thrown on this creature by the recent travels in the parts of Africa where the rivers swarm with the voracious monsters. One of the explorers, narrating his experience, thus illustrates its sense of smell:

"As the boat was towing down the river a hippopotamus that we had shot, the monsters were attracted by the dead beast, and several shots had to be fired to keep them off. The bullet had not entered the brain of the animal, but driven a splinter of bone into it. A little moisture with some gas issued from the wound, and this was all that could tell the crocodiles down the stream of a dead hippopotamus; and yet they came up from miles below.

"Their sense of smell must be as acute as their hearing; both are quite extraordinary. Dozens, fed on the meat we left. Our Krooman, Jumbo, used to assert that the crocodile never eats fresh meat, but always keeps it till it is high and tender, and the stronger it smells the better.

"There seems to be some truth in this. They can swallow but small pieces at a time, and finding it difficult to tear fresh meat. In the act of swallowing, which is like that of a dog, the head is raised out of the water. We tried to catch some, and one was soon hooked; it required half a dozen hands to haul him up the river, and the shark-hook straightened, and he got away. A large iron hook was next made, but as the creatures could not swallow it, their jaws soon pressed it straight, and our crocodile fishing was a failure. As one might expect—from the power even of a salmon—the tug of a crocodile was terribly strong.

"The corpse of a boy floated past the ship; a monstrous crocodile rushed at it with the speed of a greyhound, caught it and shook it, as a terrier dog does a rat. Others dashed at the prey, each with his powerful tail causing the water to churn and froth, as he furiously tore off a piece. In a few seconds it was all gone. The sight was frightful to behold. The Shire swarmed with crocodiles; we counted sixty-seven of these repulsive reptiles on a single bank, but they are not so fierce as they are in some rivers.

"Crocodiles are so plentiful in the Congo, near the rapids, and so frequently carry off the women, who at daylight go down to the river for water, that, while they are filling their calabashes, one of the party is usually employed in throwing large stones into the water outside.

"Two English sailors were roused one night by a scream. They pulled at once from the steamer and found a crocodile that had caught a woman by the leg, and was dragging her across a sand-bank. Before they could rescue her, the horrid reptile snapped off the limb below the knee. They stopped the flow of blood, and took her to her village, where they left her in a hut; but her master, finding her useless, tore off the bandages and turned her out to die. The natives eat the crocodile, but to us the idea of tasting the musky-scented, fishy-looking flesh, carried the idea of cannibalism.

"Humboldt remarks that in South America the alligators of some rivers are more dangerous than in others. Alligators differ from crocodiles in the fourth or canine tooth going into a hole or socket in the upper jaw, while in the crocodile it fits into a notch. The forefoot of the crocodile has five toes not webbed, the hind foot has four toes which are webbed; in the alligator the web is altogether wanting. They are so much alike that they would no doubt breed together."

NOT TO BE "PLUCKED."—When questioning a student as to the classes he had attended, an examiner said, "And you have attended the class for mathematics?"

"Yes."

"How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," said the student.

"What are they?"

There was a laugh in the room when the student answered, "an inside and an outside."

But this was nothing compared to what followed.

The examiner said to the student, "And you attended the moral philosophy class also?"

"Yes."

"Well, you would hear lectures on various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?"

"Yes."

"Does an effect ever go before a cause?"

"Yes."

"Give me an instance."

"A man wheeling a barrow."

FOR ANY FATE.

BY C. C.

'Tis well to smile and sing the while
That love and fortune waft;
But oh, 'tis better—braver far
For him outside the gate,
Who looks and sees thy life of ease
Compared with his estate,
To bear within his noble breast
"A heart for any fate!"—

Oh, this is brave! Though care enslave,
Though fate ambition check,
Tho' many a ship launch'd on life's sea
Drift back again a wreck,
There'll be a glory round the life
Of him "outside the gate,"
Who bears within his noble breast
"A heart for any fate."

One Who Failed.

BY S. U. W.

IT IS an age of detective stories. This would seem to imply that it is also an age of crime, and probably the inference is a correct one. At any rate there seems nothing so popular at present in the fairy domains of fiction as the running of criminals to earth, and unravelling the mysteries of their crimes.

The miraculous achievements of Mr. Sherlock Holmes have attracted universal attention, and now almost every magazine tries to outvie its confreres, and throw all previous detective exploits into the shade by the brilliant record of how some tiny clue in the hands of the representative of Scotland Yard—a triangular slip of paper containing a magic hieroglyphic, or the print of a finger nail—followed up through many mazes and labyrinths, with Job-like patience, lynx like sagacity, and Herculean industry has finally brought an unsuspected murderer to the gallows, or led to the restoration of her priceless ancestral jewels to some robbed and heart-broken Countess.

Sceptics and scoffers rather sneer at all this, and point to the fact that in spite of the performances of such paragons on paper, the trade of the burglar is still a profitable one in practice.

But however this may be, I beg to say at the outset of my story, that if anyone expects anything similar here in the shape of a thrilling narrative of rascality defeated and outraged law avenged, he will be very much disappointed. It is a very simple tale indeed that I have to tell.

It is based on fact, and is therefore much more interesting to me than any flight of imagination.

It sets forth how a distinguished detective failed in the very hour of his triumph, or rather involuntarily chose not to pursue his success, but to give up his case; it was an affaire de coeur in which his handcuffs were worsted by his heart-strings, in consequence of which he became an ex-member of the force of which he had long been such a conspicuous ornament, and has been happy ever since, nor I think has ever regretted his action on that occasion.

I will change the names and compress the facts into as brief a compass as possible.

It was told me by my friend, Arthur Hamilton, a barrister, who has now risen high in his profession: if I told you his real name you would recognize one of the leading lights of the day.

In his early days, when his abilities were still in embryo, and his fame and fortune unmade, when he was in fact in that briefless stage which is so familiar to many a barrister at the outset of his career—he shared rooms with that famous detective, Robert Hewitt.

They were great chums, and each found the other very helpful on many occasions.

I had better let Mr. Hamilton tell the story in his own words, as he told it to me in the course of friendly conversation as we smoked the pipe of peace together one night in his chambers at Lincoln's Inn.

* * * * * *

I never saw such a clever chap as Bob in my life, sharp as a needle. Talk about five senses, he'd got six or seven. He could see through a case, and into a man in no time—read your mind like a book and tell you what you were thinking of as soon as you knew it yourself. And such quiet ways about him, too. You'd think he never observed anything, but didn't he just?—and what's more he didn't forget it.

He'd notice a person in the street, and fix every point about him on his memory clear as a photograph. I've known him go into a room for the first time and when he came out he could describe that room even to the smallest minutiæ, down to the maker's name on the barometer, and the firm in Paris where the clock came from.

He'd always been employed on the most difficult cases since the day he ran down the man who stole Lady G.'s jewelry in broad daylight—you remember the affair, it set all England by the ears. Yes, Bob nailed him, but it took him a long time, for he was on a wrong scent first. He tracked him after a tedious quest, to Amsterdam, and nabbed him in disguise as a garcon at a restaurant, and got back all the jewels, valued at £50,000.

He was then sent out to America to investigate some cunning railway robberies, and was successful as usual, and came back with a reputation more securely established than ever.

He resumed his old rooms, though he could now have afforded much better ones, he was good enough to say he liked my company, and I certainly liked his, so many fine chats we had together in the evenings.

He was getting up in years when I first knew him, and the strain of his anxious profession was beginning to tell upon him.

His wife, to whom he had been passionately devoted, had died many years before at the birth of his only child.

This child, a daughter, had been a great grief to him. She, when only eighteen, had some few years before the time of which I am speaking, formed the acquaintance of a wealthy young man about town, who seemed to have no particular business, but plenty of money. Bob didn't at all approve of the connection, and told his daughter so—perhaps he didn't tell her that he knew him to be a gambler and suspected him to be a card-sharper.

Nellie continued to see him in secret, blinded by the glamor of youth, and one day told her father that she had consented to be his wife.

Well, of course old Hewitt was furious, said he'd rather see her in her grave than married to that scoundrel, and a few other hot remarks customary on such occasions escaped his lips. Finding that he was not likely to give in, the girl took the matter into her own hands in the usual orthodox, or heterodox, way.

The detective coming home one day found the conventional note, saying she could not live without her lover, that they had married that day and were going abroad. She asked his forgiveness, but gave no clue to their destination.

Poor Bob was terribly cut up for a time—he made inquiries which led to nothing, and then gave himself up more exclusively than ever, heart and soul to his profession, to drown his trouble.

Still there were times when he felt his grief acutely, and he carried about with him, even in his most successful ambitions, the scar of an unhealed wound.

At the time to which my story refers, Bob had a particularly puzzling case in hand.

It was a case of forgery and uttering counterfeit coin. The gang was an artful one, and there was a woman in it.

Bob had done his best, but either his head or hand had lost its cunning, for as yet all his efforts had been unavailing. He was beginning to get quite ill over it. And moreover, another man, named Sharpe, who had begun to make a name, and was eager to outstrip Bob, had taken the case in hand.

To beat the best man in the force was a big stake to play for, but it was what Sharpe had undertaken nevertheless.

He had once before run some one to earth, when by a mere technical error, Bob had failed to do so, and he was as much elated in consequence, as Bob was sore on the point.

This was a mere piece of good luck for Sharpe, but it made the men rivals in a sense. So that now that government had offered a large reward for the arrest of the forgers, and it was known that both men were on the war-path, there was some considerable excitement afloat as to which of them would prove the better man.

One evening, Bob, who had been out all day, came home about seven, and I could see at a glance that he was more than ordinarily excited, though it was excitement kept under firm control, and only showing itself in an unwonted fire in his eyes, and lips tightly compressed.

He did not speak for a time, and seemed lost in thought.

"Aren't you going to have some dinner?" I queried at last.

"No time," he curtly replied, "I must be off immediately to Stepney. Will you come too, you may be able to help me? A cab will be round in a minute."

I consented, and did not bother him with further questions, as I knew he would explain all on the way.

"I've come across the right clue this afternoon," he said, as we were driving eastwards. "I don't think I shall muff it this time, and that fellow Sharpe is off the scent over this job; he'd give his ears to forestall me, but there's not much fear of my losing the prey now. If one of the gang isn't under lock and key to-night, I'll leave the force!"

Judging by the quiet look of determination on his face, and the grim smile of satisfaction, I saw that the gang would have hard work to escape this time.

He explained that he believed the leader of the gang was a man who had been killed by an accident that day at the docks, that the other two were mere tools whom he expected to have no difficulty in tracing after he had arrested the wife of the dead man, who, he had reason to suspect, was concealed in a low lodging in Stepney.

Leaving the Commercial Road, we traversed one grimy street after another, till Bob stopped the cab at a corner and told the driver to wait there till his return.

He then led me some little way forward up a dirty alley. The staircase was dark and rotten.

"Let me go up first," he said, "you wait here, follow me in a minute, top landing, right hand side."

He took two loaded revolvers from his pocket, and gave me one.

"They may be more than I think, and on their guard—you may want it, but it isn't likely."

He then ascended the stairs alone.

After a minute, which seemed to me an age, I followed according to my directions.

There was no noise of a struggle going on, no sound at all in fact, and I was beginning to think the bird had flown, and was already commiserating poor Bob on his fearful disappointment, when I heard a man's voice trying to speak in tones which were choked with sobs and groans.

"Ah!" I thought to myself, "some old skunk's whining for mercy now he's nailed; he won't find that game pay with Bob."

So I pushed open the door with pleasing anticipations of witnessing a neat capture.

Judge my blank amazement at the sight I saw!

Those sobs and groans came from Bob himself. Bob, the man of iron nerve and unfailing self-control, who had faced death without turning a hair, who had sent murderers to their doom and felons to the dock without a pang of pity or compunction.

Who would believe it was Bob? Who would recognize the dauntless detective kneeling on the dirty floor by the side of a squalid bed, holding to his heart the form of a woman, who was still beautiful and refined. A head, still fair, was pillowed on his breast, and his hands were smoothing back the golden locks from a wan and weary face, on which his own tears were fast falling.

"Nellie, my darling, in a place like this—can it really be? You know me, say you know your father. Quick, don't lose a minute, we must get you out of this. No one knows but me, dearest, no one shall ever know. I will save you, but quick—quick!"

Who would have known the detective? But no, it was not the detective who crouched and cowered there; in his place knelt a sorrow-stricken, loving father—gone were all his dreams of renown and rewards, clean vanished from his mind was the purpose on which he had come there; but one idea was in his mind, a frantic, frenzied longing to get his daughter out of that wretched slum.

He turned and saw me, and knew that I knew all.

"Ha, Arthur, I said you would be able to help me; but I little thought how. You won't desert me, say you won't desert me?"

"My dear fellow, trust me to my utmost."

"But we must be quick," poor Bob kept on saying. "Suppose anyone should come—suppose Sharpe had by some chance hit on the track?" The very thought seemed to paralyze all his limbs.

I saw that I must come to his aid. "Leave it to me. I will fetch the cab to the door, and take her wherever you direct me. You mustn't be seen at present with her."

On my return poor Bob was calmer, he gave me the address of a great friend of his at Liverpool, and I took the poor girl there by the midnight mail, and left her in safe keeping, returning myself by the first train in the morning.

What she had suffered by her own hasty folly we only gathered afterwards. Neglected by her brutal husband, compelled to assist him in his nefarious practices, ill-fed, beaten, abused, she had indeed had a terrible time of it. The very shame of her surroundings had deterred her from seeking out her father.

A week later Bob sent in his resignation.

The death of the leader of the gang, who was identified, simplified Bob's settlement with the authorities.

How far he was justified in his course it is not for me to judge. I only know there was a happier look on his face when I told him Nellie was safe at Liverpool, than there ever was when he consigned a rascal to gaol.

Of course he came in for much sarcastic criticism on his failing to follow up his clue. Sharpe had a good deal to say on the matter, and he hinted that his resignation was not a minute too soon for the credit of Scotland Yard. "He was getting quite past his work," he would say to his private friends.

But Bob is as well and hearty as ever, and cares not what they say.

After a little time he rejoined his daughter at Liverpool, and they shortly afterwards sailed for America. She has quite recovered her health and strength, and all thought of the sorrowful past is buried in oblivion.

Bob is one of the most popular men in New York.

The Yankees dub him "Judge," and have a high opinion of his abilities.

I had a letter from him only the other day. He wants me to go out there and attend his daughter's wedding, for she is engaged to one of the leading citizens with her father's full consent and approval.

And I think I shall go, too. I should like to see old Bob again.

So that is the story of the "Detective who failed."

* * * * * *

"But he didn't fail," I objected, at the conclusion of Arthur's narrative.

"Oh, well, the world said he did; but I must leave you to settle that for yourself," he replied.

And I in turn must leave it to my readers to settle for themselves.

HUMORS OF THE HOUSE.

WHEN a new member makes his first appearance in the English House of Commons, he has to be escorted to the table to take the oath by two other members of Parliament. This is one of the immemorial usages of the House of Commons. It originated in a far remote past, when it was really necessary, in order to prevent personation, that two members of the House should identify the claimant of a seat after a by-election as the person named in the writ of the returning officer.

The precaution has been unnecessary for many a year. But such is the reluctance of the House of Commons to part with any of its quaint and antique ceremonies, that it is still retained; and though a representative may come to the Bar of the House as the unanimous choice of a constituency of ten thousand electors and produce his credentials, he will not be permitted to take his seat unless he can get two members to act as his sponsors.

Dr. Kenealy, the famous counsel for "The Claimant," presented himself at the Bar unattended, after his election for Stoke-upon-Trent in February 1875. The Speaker informed him of the usage of the House; and as he could not get two members to accompany him to the table, he was obliged to leave. It was only by a special resolution of the House, moved by Mr. Disraeli, its Leader at the time, that Dr. Kenealy was allowed to take his seat without complying with the usual practice.

When men assemble together in social life, as in a theatre or at a meeting, the ordinary custom is to uncover while they are seated, and to don their hats as they enter or leave the place. In Parliamentary life that rule is reversed. Members can wear their hats only when they are seated on the benches. As they walk to their seats or rise to leave the Chamber, they must be uncovered.

This custom is the source of much confusion and embarrassment to new members. The House never fails to show its resentment of a breach of its etiquette, however slight. It will, without distinc-

tion of party, unanimously roar with indignation at a new member who, ignorant or undmindful of the Parliamentary custom, wears his hat as he walks down the floor of the Chamber.

An amusing incident occurred in the early days of the first session of the present Parliament. An offending member, startled by the shout which greeted him as he was leaving the Chamber with his hat on his head instead of in his hand, paused in the middle of the floor and looked around with a mingled expression of fright and perplexity. "Hat, hat!" shouted the House. This only embarrassed him the more. He felt his trousers pockets and his coat tails for the offending article of attire. He even looked at his feet to see if he were wearing it at that extremity of his person.

It is impossible to conjecture what might have happened further, had not Dr. Tanner walked up to the offending member, and, amid the loud laughter of the House, politely took off his hat and then handed it to him with a courtly bow.

The hat plays many important parts in Parliamentary customs. It also contributes occasionally to the gaiety of life in the House of Commons. No incident is greeted with more hearty laughter than the spectacle of a member, after a magnificent peroration, plumping down on his silk hat on the bench behind him. The bashful and awkward member generally figures in those accidents; but the misfortune has befallen even old and cool Parliamentary hands like Mr. Chamberlain and Sir William Harcourt, and has completely spoiled the effect of a few of their most elequent speeches.

A few years ago Mr. R G. Webster, member for East St. Pancras, sat down, after his maiden speech, on a new silk hat which he had provided in honor of the auspicious occasion; and as he was ruetully surveying his battered headgear, to the emusement of the unfeeling spectators, Mr Edward Harrington, an Irish representative, rose and gravely said: "Mr. Speaker, permit me to congratulate the honorable member on the happy circumstance that when he sat on his hat his head was not in it." The strident call of 'Order, order!" from the Speaker was drowned in roars of laughter.

In probably every other legislative Chamber in the world each member has a special seat allotted to him. But though there are 670 members in the House of Commons, the Chamber, strangely enough, was built to accommodate only about half that number; and the only members who are certain of seats are Ministers and ex-Ministers, the occupants respectively of the Treasury bench and the first Opposition bench. The consequence is that on occasions of great interest there is always a scramble for places.

A large crowd of members gathered at Westminster in the early morning of the evening on which Mr. Gladstone introduced the Home Rule Bill of 1892; and when, after hours of waiting, the door giving immediate entrance to the Chamber was opened at seven A. M., so mad was the rush for seats that several members were crushed, knocked down, and trampled upon.

On such occasions, a member secures a seat for the evening by leaving his hat on it. But it must be his own workaday headgear. If he brings with him a second hat and leaves the precincts of the House wearing that hat, he forfeits all right to the seat. These two ancient but unwritten regulations have recently been the subject of definite and specific rulings by the Speaker.

After the split in the Irish party, and when the personal relations between the rival sections were very strained, one Irish member took possession of a seat on which another Irish member had placed his hat in the usual way. On the member aggrieved bringing the matter publicly under the notice of the House, the Speaker declared that he had an unquestionable right and title to the seat.

Again, in connection with the fight for places on the occasion of the introduction of the Home Rule Bill in 1892, the House was informed that Dr. Tanner brought with him a dozen soft hats to Westminster that morning, and with them secured twelve seats for colleagures who did not go down to the House till the ordinary hour of meeting in the afternoon; and again the Speaker ruled that the only hat which can secure a seat is the real bona fide headgear of the member and not any "colorable substitute" for it.

During the recent influenza epidemic the Speaker, in mercy for the hatless wanderers in lobbies, departed from the old usage so far as to recognize a card left on the bench as sufficing in place of the hat.

Members are not allowed to refer to each other by name in debate. The only member who is properly addressed by name is the Chairman who presides over the deliberations of the House in Committee. On a member rising to speak in Committee he begins with, "Mr. Mellor," and not with "Mr. Chairman," as at public meetings. When the Speaker is in the Chair, the formula is, "Mr. Speaker, Sir." In debate a member is distinguished by the office he holds, as "The Right Honorable Gentleman the Chancellor of the Exchequer;" or, "The Honorable Gentleman the Member for York." Some make use of the terms, "My Honorable Friend;" or, "My Right Honorable Friend;" but the rule is in every case to use the word 'Honorable."

This custom has sometimes led to odd results. During the last Parliament, two members were ignominiously expelled from the House after their conviction for gross immoral offences; and yet in the discussion that took place on each occasion the criminal was still punctilliously described as "The Honorable Gentleman."

Again, lawyers are styled "Honorable and Learned;" and officers of the army and the navy, "Honorable and Gallant." The late Mr. W. H. Smith, who was not a lawyer, was once referred to in a speech as "The Right Honorable and Learned Gentleman." "No, no," exclaimed the simple old man, disclaiming the distinction amid the merriment of the House. "I beg the Honorable gentleman's pardon; I am not Learned."

It is a breach of order for a member to read a newspaper in the House. He may quote an extract from one in the course of a speech; but if he attempted to peruse it as he sat in his place, his ears would soon be assailed by a stern and reproving cry of "Order, order!' from the Chair. Some members resort to the deception practised by the young lady who had "Vanity Fair' bound like a New Testament and was observed reading it during the service in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The 'Orders of the Day" is a Parliamentary paper containing the programme of business, which is circulated amongst the members every morning. Into this programme members often slip a newspaper or periodical, and read it while the Speaker imagines they are industriously studying the clause of a Bill or its amendments.

The House of Lords is less strict, oddly enough, in little matters of this kind than the House of Commons. The Peers allow the attendants to pass up and down their Chamber delivering messages; and they have a reporter—the representative of the Parliamentary Debates—sitting with the clerks at the table.

But in the House of Commons no one but a member is allowed to pass up and down the floor. An attendant, even when he has letters and telegrams to deliver, dare not pass beyond the imaginary line known as the Bar, just inside the main entrance to the Chamber. He gives the messages to some member sitting near the Bar, and they are passed on from hand to hand till they reach their owners.

Another curious and amusing custom is the performance known as "Counting the House." No business can be transacted unless a quorum of forty members is present. But, all the same, business proceeds even though only one or two members are present; and the Speaker never notices the paucity of the attendance unless a member rises in his place and says, 'Mr. Speaker, I beg to call your attention to the fact that there are not forty members present."

That being said, the Speaker must proceed to count the House. He does not, however, simply count the members who are present in the Chamber at the moment. He sets going the electric bells which ring in every room of the vast building a summons to members to return to the House. The members come rushing in from all quarters, and after the lapse of three minutes, the doors are locked.

Then, and not till the Speaker, using his corked hat (which, by the way, he never wears over his huge court wig) as a pointer, proceeds to count the number in the House. When he arrives at the fortieth member he cries out "Forty" in a loud voice, resumes his seat, and business again proceeds from the point at which it was interrupted. But if there were not forty present, he would simply quit the Chair without a word, and the sitting would be over.

PANTHER STORIES.

Journeying from Caney Creek, Matagorda county, to the town of Columbia, on the Brazos river, in riding through the forest I shot a turkey, and the nipple of my single rifle flew off at the shoulder. Knowing a planter who lived on the San Bernard Prairie, and whose house was near the road on which I had to travel, I went there, hoping that he could put my useless rifle into shooting order, by drilling out the screw of the broken nipple and putting a new one in. Neither the planter nor his negro blacksmith, however, had tools sufficiently fine to do this, and I had to carry my gun to Columbia to be repaired. My host, planter-like, refused to allow me to proceed till I had had some dinner, and my horse had eaten a feed of corn. During my chat with the planter, he jokingly asked me how I should have managed had I been attacked by a panther in the forest when my gun was empty, saying that the negro man whom I had seen had once been attacked by two. The man was called in and told to take off his shirt, and there—on his breast and arms and shoulders were deep scars, which had been plowed by the sharp talons of the great American cat. When the negro had left, his master gave me the following account of the encounter. I cannot, of course, at this distance of time, give the words of my host, but this is a tolerably correct account:

Some of S——'s horses had been absent without leave rather longer than they ought to have been, and S—— gave his servant orders to go the first thing in the morning and see if he could not find them and drive them home. At daylight the negro started, following a "wood-road," (a road made for hauling timber along) hoping he might see some "signs" of the missing horses.

On either side of the road was some "switch-cane" (the new growth where a fire has burnt down an old cane-brake), and the negro noticed, at one place, that the dew-drops had been brushed from the young cane-stalks by the passage of some animal, and thinking, perhaps, it might be caused by the missing horses, he thought he would follow it.

After following the trail for some ten or fifteen steps, he was horrified to find a large panther stretched in his path, waving its tail from side to side, as a cat may often be seen to do when pretty secure of its prey. The negro turned to fly, but, frightened as he was before, he now despaired when he found that another panther had followed him, and that instead of one beast he had two to contend with. How he reached the road he could never tell, but he did manage to get there, and to seize a stout stanchion that had providentially dropped from some timber wagon, and with this he beat off the panthers.

He managed also to reach home and tell his master. S—— immediately seized his rifle, called up his hounds with his horn, and started in pursuit of the panthers. His hounds saw them, made them "tree," and one after the other they fell before S——'s rifle.

By the time my host's story was concluded it was time for me to ride, and, my horse being brought in the veranda, I mounted and started for Columbia, about ten miles distant.

Suddenly I noticed an animal rush toward me from the side of a pond—I saw that it was a panther. Halting my horse and standing up in my stirrups, I took my heavy rifle by the barrel, intending to bring it down upon the head of the panther the moment he sprang at my horse; almost involuntarily I gave the Comanche war-whoop, in tones that would not have disgraced a red-skinned warrior.

It acted like magic. When within ten strides, the fierce beast found out that he had a man instead of having a cow to contend with; he turned at right angles and bounded off into the bush. My horse snorted, and I drew a long breath as we started once more for Columbia, which we reached by supper-time, without further adventure.

ELKS IN HARNESS.—A man living in Exeter, Ontario, has succeeded in breaking a pair of elks to harness. So accustomed have they become to the sights and sounds of city life that they are daily driven about the streets with perfect ease and safety. In fact, the elks feel less excitement than they cause. They are perfectly matched in size, color and weight, and are driven in a light, but stoutly-made, two-wheeled cart, which they draw about the city and country roads at a brisk pace.

Scientific and Useful.

LIGHTNING.—Almost every ship has lightning rods, simply intended to conduct lightning into water, rather than down the masts into the hull.

PYRITINE.—Pyritine is a new explosive, invented by a man in Bordeaux, who says it is much more powerful than melinite and will so reduce the weight of ammunition that each man will be able to carry 240 pounds without trouble.

WALNUTS.—Walnut shells are in demand in London for the purpose of adulterating ground cinnamon, and bring more than whole walnuts. The powdered shells are not distinguishable unless the microscopic examination is an unusually careful one.

SCABBARDS.—Wooden scabbards covered with hardened indiarubber are to take the place of the leather scabbards at present used by the Russian cavalry. Experiments made with the new equipment are said to show that it is not affected by frost, moisture, or the heat of the sun.

A MADE VOICE.—It is reported that Professor Stuart, of the University of Sydney, has invented an artificial larynx, and that it has been tried with success upon a man who had lost his voice. The mechanism can be regulated so as to make the voice soprano, tenor, contra to or bass, at will. It is sincerely to be hoped that the managers of certain companies on the road will lay in a liberal supply of these articles for "artists" who have no voice, but endeavor to sing for the public.

FOR FOGS.—A novel arrangement for signaling at sea during fogs has been placed in position on Winter Quarter Lightship, No. 45, now repairing and refitting at Wilmington, Del. It consists of two safety oil engines, supplying compressed air to two upright boilers, which in turn are automatically acted upon by time clocks, placed above. These open and close the whistles valves alternately every fifty-five seconds. No steam power is used, the power being derived from explosions of oil vapor.

Farm and Garden.

THE DAIRY.—Sometimes there is more in the dairyman than in thoroughbreds, silage, patent creamer, starter and all other paraphernalia. Regularity, cleanliness and common sense count for a great deal. Prizes are often taken by common stock fed in the old way, and where the open pan is the only utensil.

FOODS.—Rich, concentrated foods should be given to the fattening hogs, but to the younger pigs we should feed cooling, laxative rations. Soaked oats is good to begin on, and better than light slops, as the latter have a tendency to make them pot bellied. Keep them in good form while growing, and it will be easier to round them up in good shape at the end.

WEEDS.—A three-crop rotation which kills the weeds and does not exhaust the soil as much as some methods is to plow clover under and plant the land in corn for fodder and ensilage, which can be removed in time for wheat, sowing clover again in the spring. It is not advisable to continue such a rotation, however, unless there is also an application of manure or fertilizer, but to vary with potatoes and turnips.

FEEDING.—The farmer who feeds poor food to good stock, by endeavoring to economize, gains nothing, but he is wise compared to the man who feeds good food to poor stock. The most profitable mode of disposing of the produce on the farm is to utilize it to the best advantage. Animals are, to a certain extent, machines for converting foods into something else, and the more perfect the machines the better the product and the cheaper the cost.

SURGERY.—Veterinary surgery is now a science, and valuable animals are operated upon whenever it can be done to advantage instead of destroying them. The day of the "horse doctor" has passed, and the modern veterinary surgeon must receive a diploma from some college that entitles him to it by his study and practice. Diseases of animals are, in consequence better understood than formerly and there are also fewer losses among the animals from diseases.

GIVE ATTENTION to the first symptoms of a Lung Complaint, and check the disorder in case in its incipiency, by using Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a safe, old fashioned remedy for all Affections of the Lungs and Bronchia.

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About Society.

Individual man is nowadays so civilized a being that he forgets to think of himself as responsible, and puts down the whole of his faults to his company. He does not do so with his virtues. As commercial people would say, he carries them to the credit side, and when he has many debts, throws them upon the shoulders of Society.

Nor does this company own merely a limited liability. It is without bounds in its faults and vices, and its back is so broad that it seems able to bear all that is laid on it. It is a very safe matter to allege any shortcomings to its share; and all public reasoners and teachers feel quite at ease whilst discharging their artillery upon society. Society is to blame for this, has been cruel in that; should have hindered one thing, or remedied another.

Society starves the workpeople; makes milliners slave for seventeen hours out of the twenty-four in the season; encourages open or concealed immorality; indulges in articles which necessitate unhealthy, nay deadly trades. Society is cruel to cabmen, neglectful of literary men, despises artists, and patronizes quacks of all kinds, in medicine, law, trade and general life. Society bows the knee to two idols—Rank and Money, is senseless, coquettish, mad, and occasionally very vicious; is always thoughtless, often cruel; suffers the scholar and the patriot to struggle and die for it, refuses him bread whilst living, and offers him a stone when dead.

This is the old old story, the common stock of sentimentalists and graphic writers, satirists and small talkers; the perpetual spring of orators and leading article writers, and the never-failing comfort of the disappointed man. Are all the accusations true?

The loose method of reasoning and of talking which is prevalent, makes us all too ready to run amuck at society when any one has set the fashion; and thus society abuses itself; and as a very powerful, a satirical, coarse and somewhat ill-natured novelist has chosen to take the lead, people in the world, who are very numerous, have at once taken up the cuckoo cry.

Preachers and teachers are continually setting society right. They are like those guides which Swift tells us attended the philosophers in Laputa, with a bladder containing peas, at the end of a long stick. When the philosopher stepped out of his way on the right side they rattled him on the left, when on the left they hit him on the right, and so on. So comic writers will be showing society the way to do right, and they have been at that dry work ever since the days of Aristophanes, apparently with very little effect; for society hath its virtues.

The sins of Society are manifest enough. Great bodies are always hard-hearted, or, rather, have no hearts at all. They are forgetful; they are careless of merit, and about as selfish as might be expected. Virtues do not flourish very luxuriantly in public, but vices do. Society is again lamentable in its ignorance. Upon it quacks of all kinds flourish; quacks in medicine, in music, literature, and the fine arts.

A man who professes one of these is sure to succeed with the slenderest merit, if he be only taken up by Society. A man of the greatest genius cannot get on without it. His works may live, but he may die unappreciated and unrewarded.

Milton, neglected and blind; Moliere, lonely, poor, and uncared for; Butler pining and starving in a garret; Wolfe, before his last chance, begging for a command; Johnson at Lord Chesterfield's door; Haydon, maddening with the contrast of the gaping crowds who came to see Tom Thumb, whilst his own pictures in the same house were unlooked at; these may be pointed at as a few of the victim of Society. We need not go so far back as Belisarius, who had saved an empire, begging, we have many neglected men nowadays; many a Cassandra prophesying to whom we will not listen; many a poet ready to sing, but unheeded through the perverse tastes of Society.

Not the least of the sins of Society is its irresistible power in diffusing a folly. Because an emperor of old was afraid of lightning, (the Romans believed that the electric fluid would not touch the laurel,) or simply wore a laurel wreath as the emblem of victory, we bad classics have adopted that as a crown of empire, and all modern monarchs wear it on their coins.

But Society is just as absurd now. Our round hats, our collars, our late dinners, our luxuries, our etiquette; our want of faith, our determination that one class shall have all the luxuries in life, and another all the labor and trouble; our late parties, our armies and navies, our wild legislation; these and other faults may be put down to Society. They arise from custom. It is easy to write or speak against it; but it lies upon us with a weight and no man is altogether stronger than his age. If he be a giant, Society fights him with Protean weapons, praises his strength, but doubts his sanity, and then says, "What is the use of a strong madman?" But at home, and in his own heart, he will perceive that Society makes us do very foolish things, and that so far from her rule being a pleasant one, that it is a heavy one; that we could have each lived the lives of martyrs, with greater ease, comfort, health and enjoyment, than have endured that of a fine gentleman of society, with his dinners, equipages, political influence, fashionable marriage, settlement of children, grand parties, clubs and his seasons.

Of all foolish sins, perhaps fashionable sin is the worst; but its ties are the strongest, since it is backed up by all the force of Society. What we see other people do, that we are inclined to believe right.

We are all clever at excusing ourselves, and as the world goes round we have so much to do that we easily find a substitute to take our blame; but we shall find, at the Great Reckoning, that the faults of each separate individual, and his virtues also, have been weighed, and separated from that enormous mass of evil and good, of wisdom and folly, committed in every age by Society.

IN every performance, especially if it be our own, we see flaws, and are conscious of how it may be bettered; and this inward vision is to every earnest and faithful worker the mainspring of his continued improvement. So also in every moral action, however much it may be approved by others, the actor knows that it does not satisfy his own conception of what is right or just, or merciful or true; and this inward glimpse of something better than his actual best is the inspiring influence without which he could never press onward or upward.

ENDURING prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, sooner or later, to the influences which are for ever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundation will be certain to give way. Young people cannot give these truths too much weight. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every form of double-dealing, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.

WE should sometimes pause to look back on the landscape behind us, to see its colors softening with the veil of distance—to recall "tender grace of a day that is dead." There is a great and subtle charm in retrospect. Pleasures are remembered without the accompanying drawbacks, pain has lost much of its sting, and scenes and circumstances long past are often far more clearly apprehended than at the time when we took part in them as actors or spectators.

THERE is nothing in this world which is so venerable as the character of parents, nothing so intimate and endearing as the relation of husband and wife, nothing so tender as that of children, nothing so lovely as those of brothers sisters. The little circle is made one by a single interest and by a singular union of affections.

HE who is not vigorously at work in reforming the evil tendencies and harmful inclinations of his personal character is neglecting the most important, though doubtless the most unpleasant, part of his moral culture; and he is unmistakably recreant to an imperative duty.

A MAN is by nothing so much himself as by his temper and the character of his passions and affections. If he loses what is manly and worthy in these, he is as much lost to himself as when he loses his memory and understanding.

SHUT the eyes early at night and open them early in the morning to give them brilliancy; and let the mind be constantly intent on the acquisition of human knowledge, or the exercise of benevolent thoughts and feelings.

OUR ideal can never be too high for us to look up to and approach; but to expect to reach it at a single leap and to abandon it because we do not is worse than folly—it is the death of all moral progress.

HE who, without call or office, industriously recalls the remembrance of past errors, to confound him who has sincerely repented of them, is heedless and unfeeling.

THERE is not an hour in the day in which a man so much likes to see his wife dressed with neatness as when she leaves her bed-room and sits down to breakfast.

VIRTUE is like precious odors, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

A NOTED philosopher being asked by a friend how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels, replied, "By letting the angry person have it all to himself."

MISFORTUNES are moral bitters, which frequently restore the healthy tone of the mind after it has been cloyed and sickened by the sweets of prosperity.

WHEN we are alone we have our thoughts to watch, in the family our tempers, and in company our tongues.

To secure independence, the practice of simple economy is all that is necessary.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENT.

W. F. R.—The ordinary method of saponification, as the conversion of fats into soaps is called, is by boiling them with solutions of caustic potash or soda. Rosin, which is capable of forming a soap with either potash or soda, is frequently added to soaps.

I. M. P.—If your intended husband be a "flirt" you may have an unhappy life when married. But you may be of a jealous disposition and think much of trifles. Make up your mind before the engagement shall have grown much older, or you will find it far more difficult to break it off later.

POST.—The peanut is indigenous to Africa, and it is said that some of the slaves who were sold in the South were responsible for its introduction. It was first cultivated in this country in North Carolina, and in that and other Southern States, it now holds an important position among the agricultural products. The peanut has always possessed an irresistible attraction for small boys the world over, and even in these up to date days it is regarded as almost an indispensable adjunct of the circus as are the elephants or the clowns.

K. J.—If you think your future happiness depends on marrying the lady, even though she is several years your senior, do so. The excess in her age need not necessarily prove an obstacle, unless the parties most interested choose to make it such, as you are both at the age of discretion and maturity. It is an exception to the rule, which nature generally dictates, that the gentleman shall be the senior partner of the matrimonial firm, in order that he may be better fitted to cope with the responsibilities of married life, by being his wife's counsellor and support, and that the couple may grow old together.

ADAGE.—We doubt if essays on the various religious sects would be of any real advantage. It is not our place to rail at any sect because it does not uphold our own particular views. We claim freedom of thought for ourselves, and we must allow it to others. As for Mormonism, it is such a scandal, not only to religion, but to common decency, that the very mention of the pest should be excluded from our conversation. To a right-thinking mind, such a sect can only be considered dangerous and disgusting. While vice is hidden, it pays a perhaps unconscious tribute to virtue; open vice can only be the result of the lowest state of mind and society.

W. B. V.—Derby is pronounced by the local people as "Darby;" so Dartford is "Darford," and the river Darenth the "Darn." This is the old true pronunciation; the orthography is changed and modern. Old deeds and maps write "Darbie," "Barkelle," "Cholmlie," etc., and old families retain the old pronunciation of their names. We read in Hume of the martyrdom of Anne "Askew," but Burnet spells the name correctly, Ayscough, and the present family does the same, though they call themselves "Askew." Prideaux is pronounced Pridux, and not "Pridow," because the name is Anglo-Norman; and Heron is sounded as if written "Herne," because of its Danish origin. There is no affectation of the "Upper Ten" in this. They are simply correct, and not vulgar and ignorant, the true pronunciation descending with the estates from father to son.

JANE LORD.—The Charterhouse, a corruption of the "Charteuse," was an ancient foundation of Carthusian monks in London, completed by Sir Walter de Manny in 1371. Here Sir Thomas Moore gave himself to religion and prayer for four years, living without a vow, in the time of Henry VIII. At the dissolution of the monasteries it passed to the Duke of Norfolk and to other owners; but in 1611 it was sold to Thomas Sutton, a wealthy merchant, who endowed it as the "hospital of King James." On the foundation live eighty pensioners in collegiate style, and in the school are nearly three hundred boys, all receiving a good education. This is the school of Gray-friars so well described by Thackeray, himself a Carthusian. Bishop Burnet was once its master, and Oliver Cromwell was elected governor in 1652. Thackeray makes his admirable hero, Colonel Newcome, a brother of Charterhouse, and answer to the call "Adsum"—"I am here"—of the roll of poor brothers as he dies. It is a home for decayed gentlemen, poor authors, booksellers, and unsuccessful merchants and traders.

K.—The term "Whig," used as a name for one of our old political parties, is derived from the name given to the old Scotch free-booters. It originated in ugham, a pack-saddle. In the reign of James I. the Marquis of Argyle employed a band of these free-booters, or pack saddle thieves, to oppose the Government of the time. Hence, from the time of Charles II., all who opposed the Government were called "Whiggamoors," and later the term was altered to "Whigs." The term "Tory" has an equally strange origin. It comes from the word "toruighim," to make sudden raids; but, as Macaulay informs his readers, "the name 'Tory' was first given to those who refused to concur in excluding James from the throne." Other derivations are given, but this seems the most reasonable. The term "Conservative" originated with the "Quarterly Review" in 1830—"We have always been conscientiously attached to what is called the Tory, and which might with more propriety be called the Conservative party." The idea is a party whose chief object is to conserve or preserve the constitution in Church and State. "Liberal" has come to be a party designation since Lord Byron started a periodical to which he and his friends gave the title "The Liberal."

THE DREAMER.

BY J. S.

He loves to watch the waves at play
Leap up the rocks with ceaseless roar,
And see their snowy, showering spray
Dissolve in pearls along the shore.

He hears the music of the skies,
The thunder's bass, the song of birds,
And vainly tries to crystallise
His soul's rich harmonies into words.

And wandering in the Autumn woods,
Far from the sight of human face,
His fancy fills the solitudes
With shapes of beauty and of grace.

What boots his idle dreams to those
Who with unconquerable will
Toil from the dawn till daylight's close
To keep the world from standing still?

He smiles, and says his dreaming tends
To show the beauty of design;
To shape men's lives to nobler ends,
And draw them nearer the Divine.

Wheels Within Wheels.

BY D. D.

IT was a summer night; there was no moon, but the stars hung like lamps in the cloudless sky; the waves broke gently on the shiny beach, where they sometimes roared like thunder, their soft monotonous splashing making an accompaniment to the silent music of the spheres and the more audible whispers of the pair of lovers who walked on the shore.

There was no need to whisper, for there was no one nearer to them than the girl's sister, who stood in a verandah of a house facing the sea watching them, and there was the whole length of the garden between her and them.

She could just distinguish their figures; he, tall and strongly built, with his arm around the girl's graceful form, as they slowly paced the shore.

"Has Maud come in yet, Agatha?" called a voice from the drawing room.

"No, mother, but it is all right, they are just outside the garden; I am chaperoning them: Go on with your book."

"It is getting late," said Mrs. Hayes, picking up a novel, which Agatha had just pronounced a fit book for her mother to read.

She was clever, and it amused her to supervise her pretty mother's reading; it was one of her many duties, for she was the pivot on which the domestic arrangements of her home turned.

She was the useful, Maud the ornamental, daughter; father and brothers they had none; she had the brains, Maud the beauty of the family, and yet the sisters were very much alike, but Agatha suffered the inconvenience of having a beautiful sister. Nature had done as she often does, tried her 'prentice hand on the elder sister and then produced Maud, by whose side Agatha looked almost plain.

One great beauty the older sister had, her lovely rich golden hair, more sunny and more luxuriant than Maud's, hair that many rich girls would give their fortunes to possess; for the rest, she was a bright, clever looking girl, with a ruddy complexion, too red to be pretty, which looked still redder by the side of Maud's delicate white skin.

"I wonder what they find to say to each other," thought Agatha, with a girlish longing to pierce the mystery that enshrouds engaged people, as she stood watching the lovers. There was a wistful look in her eyes, for she knew what it was to love; she had plumbed the depths of love deeper than Maud, for her love was unreturned; she knew more of love's bitterness, less of its sweetness than her sister did.

So with her own small experience to go upon and plenty of imagination to help her, she was not far off the truth when she decided they were no doubt talking about themselves.

They were; he was confessing to Maud that he had a vile temper when roused, and was deriving great sweetness from the acknowledgement, which she refused to believe.

"I assure you it is true, though it takes a great deal to rouse it; in fact I only know one person in the world who could do so."

"Who is that?"

"You, my beloved, You, because I love you so intensely; you have power over me which no one else possesses."

"I wish I had not that particular power; but you would not be angry with me for long, would you?"

"Yes, that is the worst of it. I should probably never get over it if you once roused the demon in me. That is what I mean by saying that though I am usually considered a very good-tempered man, I really have a vile temper, though it is quite possible you may never find it out; so don't look sad, my queen."

Maud clung closer to him; she loved him better than ever, for now there was a slight touch of fear in her love, fear lest she should ever awaken this slumbering demon of rage in her lover's heart.

At this juncture Agatha came running down the garden to lock the gate and summon her sister indoors, and the lovers embraced as though they were parting for ever; as perhaps, they knew it not, they were.

Then Agatha opened the garden door, and there was a short discussion as to what time they were to meet the next day, and then he went home by the beach and the girls returned to their house.

"I hate that bicycle, I don't see half so much of George now; he is always on that wretched machine. I am quite jealous of it; I shan't see him till three to-morrow, because he is going on it," said Maud as they entered the house.

She was certainly beautiful; she stood under the hall lamp and threw off the woolen cloud in which her head and shoulders were enveloped, and showed her small golden head with her clear-cut features, her pale delicate complexion, her red lips and dark gray passionate eyes, unusual in so fair a type of beauty as hers.

"I am sure you have seen enough of each other to-day; it is nearly half-past ten. Have you fixed your wedding day yet?"

"Not quite, we shall decide to-morrow," said Maud.

But they did not decide that question on the morrow.

George Le Strange, to whom Maud was engaged, was the elder son of the rector of the little Cornish village in which the Hayes' lived; he was in the Indian Civil Service, and was at home for a year on leave; it was during this year that he wooed and won Maud.

He had one brother, Lambert, a fair, rather delicate-looking man of five and twenty, who had twice proposed to Maud and been refused beford George returned from India to see and to conquer.

Lambert was a barrister, but he did not seem to be over burdened with briefs, and he was frequently at home, and as the Hayes were the only ladies in the parish, except his mother, the young people were on very intimate terms.

The brothers were very unlike each other. George was dark and bronzed and well filled out, with handsome features, full of life and animal spirits, while Lambert was very quiet and had rather a melancholy air, which might be due to his blighted affections or to the more prosaic cause of delicate health.

Agatha was his confidante, whom he loved with a brotherly affection, and Agatha loved him, but not as a sister. There was the pity of it; Agatha loved as women loved men, and Lambert never suspected it, and tortured her with his confidences about Maud, who never gave him a thought, but lived for George.

And now Maud had a rival, for George had just bought a bicycle, and as he was a man who could do nothing by halves, he was just now all keen on his new hobby, which he rode daily, his very natural ambition being to see how many miles he could possibly do in a day.

The consequence was Maud saw less of him than she did before the arrival of the bicycle; and as she was rather an exacting young woman, quite conscious of her charms and tenacious as to the attention due to her, she was inclined to rebel against these long rides, which deprived her of her lover's society.

On the day following the above conversation, Maud happened to be in rather a captious mood, and when three o'clock struck and Le Strange did not appear she looked very grave.

At half-past three Le Strange still tarried and Maud's face grew graver; a quarter to four and still the wheels of his chariot were not heard, and there was an angry light in the dark gray eyes now and a haughty expression on the beautiful face which boded ill to the tardy lover.

"George is late," said Agatha.

"I am glad bicycles were not invented when I was engaged," said Mrs. Hayes; an unfortunate remark, which only added fuel to the fire of Madge's anger.

At last, about four o'clock, Le Strange rode into the stable yard on his bicycle.

"There he is; aren't you going to him, Maud?" said Agatha.

"Certainly not," said Maud with great dignity, and Agatha saw that a storm was brewing; so when ten minutes had elapsed and Le Strange had not put in an appearance, she went to see the cause of his delay and warn him that every minute added to his offence.

She found him bending over his machine in his shirt sleeves, one of the pneumatic tires in his hands and a pail of water by his side.

"What on earth are you doing?" asked Agatha.

"Locating a puncture. I shan't be long," said Le Strange.

"You had better not be long; all the fat is in the fire now. Maud is in a fury. It is past four," said Agatha.

"By Jove, is it? I'll wash my hands and come directly. It is this puncture that has delayed me. I am awfully sorry."

Agatha returned to the drawing-room in a fit of laughter.

"He is now coming. He was very busy locating a puncture. I don't know what it means, but it seems to be a very troublesome and lengthy process. He is very sorry he is so late."

"He will find me in the garden if he wants me," said Maud, rising and walking out of the room with the air of a tragedy queen.

As Le Strange did want her, he followed in her wake, and found her seated under an acacia tree with a book in her hand, in which she was apparently engrossed.

"Maud, my darling, I am so sorry to be so late; but that puncture delayed me quite half an hour," he exclaimed, throwing himself on the seat beside her, intending to put his arms round her, but she shrank back haughtily and repulsed him.

"Don't touch me, please; your conduct in quite unpardonable."

The words and the manner were, in his opinion, so absurdly disproportionate to his offence that his first inclination was to burst out laughing, but he restrained himself, and seeing that she was really in earnest, foolish as it seemed to him that she should be so angry at such a trifle, he endeavored to conciliate her.

"Forgive me, my queen, I really could not help it. It was the fault of my machine."

"Which you care far more for than you do for me," interrupted Maud.

"What utter rubbish! It is really childish to talk in this way," said Le Strange, again trying to fondle her.

She pushed his hands away and stood up facing him, the word "childish," had stung her into a passion.

"How dare you call me childish? If this is the way you neglect me for the sake of a trumpery toy before marriage, I should like to know what I am to expect after I am your wife. I consider your conduct to day a positive insult."

It was his turn to be angry now. Maud's temper had brought the red blood into her pale cheeks, but his anger was of a more dangerous kind, he grew pale, and his dark eyes flashed fire as he seized both of her little hands in one of his and held them apparently without the slightest effort, as in a vice, so that the marks of his fingers on her delicate wrists remained for hours.

"Do you know what you are saying?" he demanded.

"Perfectly," said Maud, still angry.

"Do you mean it?" he continued in an ominously calm voice.

"Yes, of course," said Maud, beginning to feel rather frightened, but resolved not to show it.

"You really mean you think I care more for an inanimate toy than I do for you?"

"Your conduct to-day proves it."

"And you fear that I shall neglect you when you are my wife.

"Judging from to day's experience I do," said Maud, but her tone was less decided.

She did not really fear anything of the kind, but pride would not let her retract her words just yet.

"Under those circumstances, don't you think it better that we should part? It is a terrible risk for you to run, to be a neglected wife," said Le Strange, in the same calm tone.

"Oh! certainly, if you wish it; by all means. Let us say good-bye here," said Maud, now angrier than ever, trying to withdraw her hands as she spoke.

"There is no hurry. Let us clearly understand each other. We decide, then, to part now forever, to break of our engagement because I care more for my bicycle than I do for you, and because you are sure if I married you I should neglect you. Don't let us make any mistake about it. This is the conclusion we have both arrived at calmly and deliberately, is it not?"

"Yes," said Maud, a little surprised at the turn things were taking, but supposing when they were both calmer they would repent of this resolution.

"There is no question of jilting between us; our decision is mutual?" he continued.

"Yes," said Maud again.

"Then good-bye," and he flung his arms round her for one brief second as he kissed her fiercely, and then before she had recovered from her surprise he was out of sight.

She resumed her seat and thought over the scene she had just been acting in, and tried to take in the sense of it. His ring was still on her finger, but was she still engaged to him? Was it true that all was at an end between them? Had they really parted for ever? Or would he come back that evening and make it up? Did he really mean what he said?

Her anger was quite gone now, and she felt she had not meant any of those angry words; but had he been in earnest? She did not think he was. They had never quarrelled before, so she had no precedent to judge from, but she came to the conclusion he would come back, perhaps to tea; if not, he would certainly meet her at their trysting place in the evening.

Perhaps after all he had gone into the house, so after waiting a little while, she went into the drawing room. Tea was just brought in, but George was not there. Perhaps he had gone back to his bicycle. Maud went to see, but found the cause of his offence just as he had left it.

Evidently he meant to come back, since he had left his precious hobby behind him, so Maud went to her tea much relieved. After tea she so far relented as to pick up the pneumatic tire and wheel the bicycle into a little north room she used for painting; this would please him when he came in the evening.

The evening came, however, but Le Strange did not appear. At nine o'clock Maud went down to their trysting place, but there was no sign of him, and she returned disconsolate to the house. She was silent for the rest of the evening, and she cried herself to sleep; but her tears were not very bitter ones, for she felt sure he would come in the morning, and they would never quarrel again.

The next day was the longest Maud ever spent. There was no sign of Le Strange, and she began to grow alarmed; she remembered what he had told her about his temper, and as the long hours wore on she began to wonder if it were possible that he had meant they were parting for ever. She could not, she would not believe that he did.

He was angry, no doubt; she had roused this temper he had spoken of, but he would recover by the evening and meet her as usual. She would take care to be early, so as not to keep him waiting.

Shortly before nine o'clock she threw a shawl round her head and ran down to the beach, feeling sure that Le Strange would join her, and then how sweet it would be to meet after this estrangement. She waited in vain till the church clock struck nine, and then she heard footsteps on the shingle behind her, and, turning, she saw Lambert Le Strange coming towards her.

She went to meet him. Perhaps he had some message for her; perhaps he was come as an ambassador of peace.

"Maud! Maud I was coming to tell you we had just had a telegram from George; he sails to-morrow morning."

"What! a telegram! Sails for where? What do you mean?" exclaimed Maud.

"Surely you know—for India. He left us this morning; he told us last night it was all over between you and him, and that he meant to sail by the first boat he could catch.

"We have been in a regular whirlwind since five o'clock yesterday. My mother is terribly upset by this sudden departure, and as for George, he was like a madman, he would not suffer any of us to come near you, to see if there were any hope of a reconciliation, but declared everything was at an end forever between you."

"So it is," said Maud, wondering at the calmness with which she spoke, for she was trembling so she could scarcely stand, and she blessed the gathering darkness which hid her emotion from Lambert.

"Did he say anything else?" she asked.

"Yes; he said he should propose to the first girl he met in Calcutta. I pity the girl if she is fool enough to accept him for he is only marrying out of pique."

"I hope he will be happy. Go in and see mother and Agatha; I am going to stroll by the sea for a little while," said

Maud, and something in her manner prevented him from offering to accompany her.

When he was gone, Maud ran down the beach towards the sea and threw herself on the ridge of pebbles which marked the limit of high tide, and there, face forwards on the shingle, she sobbed and moaned and sometimes almost shrieked in her despair, and the roar of the waves and the sobs of the sea, laden with the woes of humanity, drowned her pitiful cries; and the millions of shining worlds above moved around in their orbits, careless and heedless that in one tiny planet, which looked but a point of light to them, the heart of a woman was breaking for love of a man.

So the waves broke on the shingle, and the stars shone in the sky, and Maud suffered.

Thus they all fulfilled their mission.

* * * * * * *

Six months passed away, and the waves still beat on the shore and the stars still shone in the sky, and Maud still suffered silently and secretly; she suffered, trying to hide her pain from every one, pride helping her to conceal it so successfully that only one person suspected she felt it.

That person was Agatha, and her own secret trouble had sharpened her sympathies and taught her to see through the mask her sister wore.

Agatha detected the hollowness of Maud's gaiety; she saw her sister was paler and thinner; she guessed what bitter tears were shed in the night-watches, but she dared not proffer any sympathy.

Lambert Le Strange was now a very frequent visitor. Maud encouraged his visits, because through him only could she now hope to hear of George, he was the link between them, for his father and mother never mentioned their elder son in Maud's presence.

They considered her fickle and heartless and knowing nothing of what had really happened, blamed her for spoiling their son's life.

"Lambert, however, flattered himself that he was gaining Maud's affection, and hoped that now all was at an end between his brother and her she would accept him. He used to torture Agatha by confiding his new hopes to her, and trying to get her to say she thought Maud was beginning to care for him.

She tried to avoid the tete-a-tete he was always seeking, and at last, one day, goaded to desperation by his protestations of love for Maud, she counselled him to ask her himself and see what the result would be.

One February afternoon he acted on this advice. The scene took place on the beach, where he met Maud, accidentally on her part, designedly on his.

They walked together to the door which led into the garden of her home, she hoping to hear some news of George, hoping yet dreading, for the news might be his marriage, for which she anxiously searched the Indian papers ever week, searched hoping not to find.

Lambert, however, did not mention his brother, but just as she was reluctantly going to bid him good-bye he kept the hand she offered him in his and said:

"Wait a minute, Maud. I have some thing to say to you."

"Yes?" said Maud inquiringly, hoping it was some mes age from George he was about to deliver.

"Maud, I love you more than ever, and lately I have dared to hope you were beginning to care just a little for me; and now that all is at end between you and George, I have waited till I can wait no longer. Can you love me?"

"Not in that way. As a brother I could love you dearly, but I shall never marry," said Maud gently but decidedly.

"Why not? Tell me, Maud."

"Lambert, you are very blind. Even if I loved you in the way you want me to love you I would never marry you."

"Why not?"

"Agatha loves you. She would kill me if she knew I had told you, but I am sure of it."

"Agatha! My God! What a brute I have been to her, then. Is that why you refuse me? Is that your only reason?"

"No, I have another greater reason. I did not mean to tell you, but for her sake I will. I love George—oh, God how I love him—and I shall never love any one else. Now you know why I shall never marry any one, and why in any case I could never have married you."

And Maud snatched her hand away and ran up the garden with a color as bright as Agatha's in her usually pale cheeks.

Lambert went down to the sea and strolled by its edge, as the setting sun dipped behind the blue waves; all hope of winning Maud sank with it, but as surely as the sun would rise the next day would the new hope to which Maud's words had given birth rise in his heart.

He would have declared just then that it was impossible he should ever love Agatha, had it been suggested to him, but the men who can love but one woman are comparatively few, and he was not one of them.

He felt supremely miserable as he watched the sunset colors fade in the sky, and their reflection in the sea melt as quickly, until all was cold and gray in the heavens above and the sea beneath; and then he thought of Agatha, whom he wished to tell of his disappointment, so he went to the church, where he knew she was practicing on the organ, to escort her home.

"She has refused me, Agatha. There is no hope; she loves George," he said half-an-hour later, as he and Agatha walked through the village.

"I feared she did, but I thought it was better you should know the truth. Did she tell you why the engagement was broken off?"

"No, she told me she would never marry, and George told me he should marry the first girl he met in Calcutta. He has not done so, so perhaps he has repented of his rash vow."

"I wonder if he still cares for Maud, and if there is any chance of a reconciliation? It seems terrible that the happiness of two people should be wrecked by a quarrel."

"Such a stupid quarrel, too, about that wretched bicycle; so much we know. There is a misunderstanding as well as a quarrel, because he is under the impression that she does not care for him," said Lambert.

"What a pity we can't undeceive him. But Maud would never forgive us if we did; she would rather die than let us tell him. Any woman would unless she was quite certain the man cared for her."

"Would you rather die, if you cared for any one, than let him know you did?"

"Yes, a thousand times rather, unless I was sure he cared for me. But I should not die, I am too strong. I should go on living, and no one would ever suspect I cared, no matter how much I was in love. But, Lambert, I do wish we could somehow let George know the truth without compromising Maud."

"I don't see how that is to be done, unless we write and tell him."

"What! in plain English? That will never do. We must write such a letter that all the world might read and not understand, and yet that shall tell George the truth. I believe I can do it; I'll try when I get home and show you the result to-morrow. Come to tea; I shall be alone."

The next day Agatha showed the following letter to Lambert, and watched him anxiously as he read it:

"DEAR GEORGE,

"Lambert and I have just succeeded in locating your puncture for you. As there is no one else in all the wide world who can patch it up, we think you had better come by the next mail and see what you can do. You will find your bicycle in Maud's studio; the puncture, though serious, can only be found with care; to outward appearence all is right.

"AGATHA.

"P. S.—Maud does not know we have told you this and would be furious if she knew we had discovered the puncture; but, as Mr. Weller said, there are 'wheels within wheels.'"

"Do you think he will understand what it means?" said Agatha Anxiously.

"Send it and let us see."

The letter was duly sent, and about six weeks later George Le Strange walked into Mrs. Hayes' drawing-room one afternoon as though he were in the habit of doing so every day of his life.

"George!" exclaimed Agatha and her mother in a breath, but Maud only put her hand to her heart as she rose in surprise.

"I have come to mend that puncture I left unlocated the last time I was here. Where shall I find my machine?" said Le Strange, looking at Maud as though he was reading her soul.

"Maud has it. She never lets any one go near it. Maud, take George to your studio," said Agatha.

Maud, scarcely knowing whether she was awake or asleep, mechanically led the way to the studio, followed by Le Strange. The door was promptly closed behind them, and then they remained alone for two mortal hours.

Then Agatha went to summon them to tea. She found the pneumatic tire in statu quo, just as it was on the day of the quarrel, but the lovers were united. Maud was clinging to Le Strange.

There were traces of tears on her beautiful pale face, but they both looked so radiantly happy that Agatha had no need to ask if the quarrel were patched up, but Le Strange's vehement exclamation of "Agatha, you are an angel," the first time she was alone with him, told her it was her letter that had brought him back.

Le Strange had only three months' leave this time, so the marriage was hurried on, and before Maud and her husband had been six months in India, Lambert and Agatha were engaged.

His love for her was less passionate than that he had given to Maud, but it was based on friendship and affection, and was therefore likely to weather the storm of life, and no one need fear that Agatha would be less happy than her sister.

The Third Time.

BY O. L. O.

WELL, Flory, you are certainly bent on conquest to night. I never saw your sober ladyship look half so charming before, said my sister Alice, dropping me a very playful curtsey as I came towards her, and very sincerely returned her compliment.

Vanity apart, and judging ourselves by the standard of each other, I think I may say that we were a very presentable pair of debutantes as we stood there arrayed for our first ball.

We were twin sisters, just seventeen years of age, although I was generally distinguished as the elder, on account of my more "sober" character. Alice's golden hair, violet eyes, and rich warm color, were all reflected in my case in paler, fainter tints.

We were alike, but she was far more brilliant than I was in every respect. She was the noonday, and I the evening. As I stooped to arrange the wreaths of trailing ivy which looped up the delicate white tulle dress, she whispered, half laughing, half hushing, "Wilfred Anderson will be there, Flory. Do you think he recollects me—that is, us?"

"Do you think he will forget us—that is, you?" I retorted. "You have the advantage of me, Ally—one more pleasure to look forward to among the many we are anticipating. Now, I expect no old friend, no Wilfred Anderson to turn up for my especial benefit to night."

"Aha! we shall see, sober Florry," said Alice, dancing about. "For my part, I should not be surprised if——"

"Are you ready, children?" interrupted my mother, approaching the door in her rich black silk and point lace cap, looking, as Alice protested, "much prettier than either of us," and in five minutes more we were on our way to the ball.

My father, though by no means one of its wealthiest inhabitants, had long held a good position in his native town. There he had married my mother, the daughter of a highly influential land-owner, and there he had resided throughout an active and energetic career, following the profession of a physician.

We, his only children, had seen little of the world beyond the immediate neighborhood of our home; and to this day my brightest and most enduring memories are clustered around that dear quaint little town, with its gabled streets, over the very shop windows of which grape-vines wreathed with proud luxuriance, its noble church, and its anciently endowed grammar school.

On the latter institution Eldoun was especially wont to plume itself, and indeed the groups of gowned and trencher-capped youths loitering in the sunny market place, or congregated under the fine old walnut trees which overhung the cloistered walls of the grammar school, added not a little to the respectability as well as to the picturesque character of the place.

Three years previously to the date of my story, Wilfred Anderson had been a senior scholar Eldoun, and there had somehow sprung up a sort of boy and girl liking between him and my pretty little sister; for our father, who had a rare sympathy with all school-lads, and who especially regretted having no sons of his own, would frequently invite those boys whose manly, healthful interest in out-door sports accorded with his peculiar tastes, home to his house, where many an ardent discussion on angling, cricket, etc., took place round our cheerful tea-table, the doctor holding forth like an oracle, and his young guests drinking in his words as eagerly as if he had really been such.

Wilfred Anderson was always a special favorite, but when he came to bid us good-bye, before going to Cambridge, it was not my father's hand he held the longest, nor my father's face he looked at the last. The lad of eighteen went away, firmly believing himself the most sorely tried of constant lovers, and Ally's bright eyes were clouded for at least three days after his departure.

It has been questioned whether any of the pleasures of our lives quite come up to the expectations we had formed of them. I think, however, I may safely say that our first ball did.

Everything appeared to our enchanted eyes couleur de rose.

As for Alice, before she had been five minutes in the room, Wilfred came to claim her hand, looking altogether so manly, handsome, and happy, that it is no wonder she felt proud of his evident admiration, and in her own frank, innocent manner, showed him that the pleasure of their meeting was mutual. Presently Wilfred came up to them.

"Miss Gilbart," he said, in a low voice, "I want you to take pity on a friend of mine. He is my college tutor—an excellent fellow, though he has nothing to boast of as regards face or fortune. There he is. May I introduce him?"

I assented, glancing with some curiosity at the individual pointed out. He was a tall, grave-looking man, with broad shoulders and heavy, irregular features, only redeemed from positive ugliness by the expression of his clear soft gray eyes, at once so intelligent and kindly, that their first steady look at me gave me a pleasant sense of confidence in their owner.

Instead of the formal inclination which usually marks a formal introduction, I instinctly put out my hand, which he as instinctively shook with a cordial grasp.

"Miss Gilbart—my friend, John Owen."

A few words of mutual commonplace followed, and Wilfred then left us to devote himself anew to Alice.

During the remainder of the evening Mr. Owen and I improved our acquaintance rapidly; and I assured Alice, who, during our drive homeward, rallied me not a little on my peculiar fortune in captivating the ugliest man in the room, that I had never met with so sensible a companion, paps always excepted.

"Thank you, my dear," smiled our father.

Three happy weeks succeeded, enlivened by skating excursions, walking parties, and many gatherings round the evening fire. Wilfred and his friend were continually with us, and still John Owen's place was ever at my side.

What my feelings towards him at this time really were, I can scarcely tell. Girl like, I was flattered by the evident pleasure which this man, so far my superior in age and intellect, found in my society, but as yet I had not learned fully to appreciate his excellence.

Consequently it was with no peculiar emotion that I heard the announcement, one afternoon, that the next day would witness his departure.

Wilfred and Alice—now openly betrothed, and only waiting until the latter should have completed his college career to be united—were seated in a distant window, in the fast failing winter twilight exchanging lovers' confidences, and I, with my father and Mr. Owen, sat around the fireside.

Presently there was a ring at the door bell, and the former was summoned to his surgery. John Owen began to express his regret at our approaching separation.

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "I am sorry you are going. We shall all miss you very much."

As I spoke, I glanced at Wilfred and Alice; but my companion did not, or would not see the glance.

"All!" he repeated, earnestly. "Are you really sorry? Oh, Florence, call it madness, presumption, if you will; but I must speak. I must tell you, before we part, how dearly, how devotedly I love you! Yet what have I to hope?—I, a poor college tutor, homeless and penniless; while you——Florence, forgive me!"

"Oh, hush, hush!" I cried, tearfully. "Do not speak such words! Indeed, I never thought of this. I do not love you. I do not seem to know my own heart as yet."

"Enough, Florence," he replied, with calm, sorrowful dignity. "Ah, child, had you known it, you would never have trifled with my heart as you have done."

A strong, yet not unkindly grasp, was laid upon his shoulder.

"Right, Owen," said my father, who had entered unobserved—"she is a child.

Think no more of this weakness, John, my good fellow. Had it been otherwise, I could scarcely have given my daughter to a man, however estimable, who has no home to offer her. Flory, shake hands with Mr. Owen, and go to your room."

John left Eldoun the next morning. I did not see him again.

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"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Who has not felt the truth of these inspired words? Within one short year after the events above narrated, my father was a ruined man. The failure of a bank, wherein all his funds had for years been deposited, reduced us at once from a position of comparative affluence to the verge of necessity.

My father's temperament was not well calculated to withstand these reverses; he was seized with a kind of mental paralysis, which rendered him totally unable to pursue his calling as a physician; and in this extremity we judged it the wisest course to comply with the urgent entreaty of a sister of his, long settled in Australia, that we would go out, and try our fortune in a new world; hoping that the long voyage might also be beneficial in restoring my dear father's mind to its wonted healthy tone.

My mother's family provided the necessary funds for our passage and outfit—not wholly ungrudgingly it must be confessed, for few and far between are the "brothers born for adversity;" and it was a matter of great thankfulness to my mother and myself that our sweet Alice was exempted from our trials, being the happy little wife of Wilfred Anderson, now established as junior partner in a firm of eminent solicitors in the neighboring county town, of which his father was at the head.

Nevertheless, it was a heavy heart that I prepared to quit Eldoun, the scene of all my past happy life; and when the last bustle and excitement of packing were over, when we turned away for the last time from the door of that house we had all our lives called "home," and sought shelter under the roof of a kind friend, who had urged us to spend our last remaining days in England with her, my fortitude gave way, and, like the patriarch of old, I "sought where to weep, and I entered into my chamber, and wept there."

I was recalled to myself by a message, requesting my presence down stairs. Hastily drying my tears, I obeyed the summons, and descended to the parlor. My parents were both there, and with them a gentleman, whom, in the darkening gloom, I failed to recognize—only for an instant, however.

One clasp of that friendly hand, and my heart sprung up, an unspoken welcome to John Owen.

It needed not many preliminary words to explain to me the object of his coming. The news of my father's trouble had reached him in a distant part of England, where he had, through the influence of Wilfred's father, obtained a curacy, on the latter's quitting Cambridge.

Full of sympathy for our misfortunes, he had lost no time in hastening to Eldoun, to proffer consolation and advice, and to implore me once more—true and constant heart!—to share his lot, now more prosperous than my own. As yet, he was ignorant of our intended emigration.

"It cannot be, John," I answered, trying hard to speak firmly. "God bless you for your generous offer; but it cannot be! My place is with my honored parents, now; and I could never bear to see them set sail for that distant land alone."

"But must they go?" asked poor John, entreatingly. "Can nothing be done for them here?"

"No, my good friend," replied my mother, steadfastly. "All is arranged now; our passage is taken, and we must follow the destiny which is leading us on. But Flory, my poor child," she added, regretfully, "I grieve to stand in the way of her prospect of happiness. Perhaps, even now——"

"Mother," I interrupted, laying my hand on her arm, "do not try to shake my resolution. I must go with you and papa. And believe me, Mr. Owen, that is now my true and only reason for turning a deaf ear to your pleadings. I am wiser, if sadder, than I was a year ago."

"Is it indeed so?" said John. "Do you love me at last, my Florence? Then I can bear all, even this disappointment; believe me, my darling, that the very act which destroys my hopes, raises you higher than ever in my estimation. Farewell, Florence! May Heaven bless your good work, and prosper you all!"

He turned to my father and mother, and warmly shook their hands. Then he paused before leaving the room.

"One kiss, Florence," said he; "it is the last time."

What could I do but yield? For one instant he strained me to his heart—the next he had left me, and the wind moaned sadly round the gables, and the night fell darkly round.

* * * * * *

It was a glorious evening in July; all around spoke peace to the tried and tired spirit, and filled it with the ineffable calm which sometimes comes through the medium of quiet and beautiful scenery to the heart which, amid all its worldly cares, has not lost the freshness of its love for holy Nature.

Tears rose unbidden to my eyes, as I gazed on the dreamy loveliness of the landscape which lay before me, bathed in the golden light of sunset—tears which were not all sorrowful; and memories of the old dear days at Eldoun for a time dispelled the recollection of many a heavy and scathing trial which had come to me during the last seven years. Ah me! I was only five-and-twenty, yet my youthtime seemed very far away; so much had come and gone in that seven years.

The first long voyage; the Australian experiences, which had promised brightly at first, until a malignant fever swept away my father, aunt, and uncle in a few days; the sorrowful leaving of our dead in their lonely burial places in the Bush; and the subsequent return of my widowed mother and myself—a second Naomi and Ruth—to the old country, still called home, though offering now no certain home to either of us,—all this outline, filled in with a crowd of attendant details, seemed to compress a life's history into the short space I have mentioned.

And now my dear mother had found a home with her own kindred, and the same refuge had been offered to me; but my nature rose in proud rebellion against a life of dependence on others. Consequently I had sought and obtained a situation as governess.

My new abode was in a picturesque part of Devonshire, and something in its bowery lanes and sunny fields reminded me irresistibly of my girlhood's home. I was a much better walker than were my little pupils, and on the evening I have mentioned I was on my way to a distant village church (it was Sunday), in order to be present at the evening service.

Rising from the seat I had temporarily occupied on a fallen tree, I pursued my road, and in due time arrived at the sacred edifice. I entered, and was shown into a large, old-fashioned, square pew. The officiating clergyman was a young man, a perfect stranger, of course, to me. I listened, earnestly at first, but gradually with distracted thoughts, as the service proceeded, till a new consciousness suddenly aroused my whole attention. The introductory words which precede the sermon were pronounced in a different voice—a clear, full voice, which rang through every chord of my memory like a strain of music.

I had been sitting in a corner of the pew with my face turned away from the pulpit, and now I did not move. No look was needed to assure me whose voice it was that was speaking, in the old eloquent tones, those words of comfort and counsel. Like a flood of light, there came upon my spirit the joy and confidence of earlier years. I never for an instant thought that there could be change in that noble, generous nature; and when at last the pastor's voice ceased, I turned and gazed with loving reverence on the face (homely, perhaps, in the eyes of others, but more attractive than all in the world beside to me), of my true and dear friend John Owen.

And I turned, our eyes met. In spite of my altered appearance, my faded cheek, my heavy black dress, I saw that his recognition of me was instantaneous. I left the church, but lingered in the churchyard, for I was sure that he would join me there. And I was right.

* * * * * *

Not many weeks after, the Reverend John Owen, Rector of Woodleigh, one of the richest livings in the county, was staying at Harleston Hall, and took occasion to say to my employer, a most kind and ladylike woman, "Mrs. Bertram, I am going to request you to release Miss Gilbert from her engagement with you. I have established a claim upon her, to which no impediment is longer existing, and to which I trust she will not refuse to listen."

[illegible]

and the sweet, serene silence broke simultaneously upon the beach. The young man shuddered as this execution suggested to his fevered mind his own pecuniary condition, and as the big wave recoiled and left itself in the deep, dark depths of the ocean, his silvery voice burst out upon the stilly morn in riotous oceans of flowery eloquence. But, like the wave, he could not move her rocks.

A sweet, sad smile emerged from his full, sensitive mouth, played fitfully about his handsome face for a moment and was lost in the lovely yellow of his bilious beard, and a look of pain sat rigidly upon his marble brow.

His lips moved convulsively in an effort to speak again, but as his full, free silvery voice ventured out upon the gold standard silence there was a shock, and he drew it hurriedly back.

At length, with a supreme effort, he drew himself tightly together and struck. He was pleading for a lock of hair—a token of love. How earnestly, how eloquently he pleaded! What plaintive pathos and perspiration attended his burning words! Who could resist him? A lock of hair! It was but a small thing, she ruminated, supposing that the whole suit cost $60. She gave it to him. He pressed it joyfully to his heart. She loved him! O bliss! Oh, my! Oh, yes.

"Darling!" he murmured, in a softly modulated, melo dramatic voice; "I love you. I worship you! Tell me, dearest, that you love me in return. I never loved another," he added, as the thirty-ninth vision of unrequited love strode hurriedly through his mind.

A heavy blush mantled her brow for a moment and then slid slowly down her hair and fell sloshily into the sand.

"I do love you, George," she answered fervently. "I adore you."

"And I know it, sweetheart," he gurgled; and under the influence of that Elysian joy and his unpaid board bill, combined with an effort to press her to his bosom despite the sleeves she wore, seven large beads of perspiration stood out upon his classic brow, and then ran consecutively down upon his adjacent features.

"Knew it?" she repeated interrogatively; and a shade of disappointment swept horizontally across her mobile face, removing large clusters of snowy whiteness where it swept. She had entertained a certain clandestine joy in the thought that she had played her part well and kept him in the proper party without reference to what the true sentiments she entertained for him were. Now she had prima facie evidence that she was mistaken, and that she had been kept in the dark herself, and she was aggrieved. "And how," she questioned pointingly, "did you know it?"

"I knew," he rejoined, pressing the bit of hair to his lips, "I knew that you adored me by your locks," he breathed ecstatically, and all at once.

And as he folded her to his palpitating breast the tide chased itself hurriedly out and the silent crab buried its blushing face in the sand and spake not.

CHARACTER IS POWER.—It is often said that knowledge is power; and this is true. Skill or faculty of any kind carries with it superiority.

So, to a certain extent, wealth is power, and genius has a transcendant gift of mastery over men. But higher, purer, better than all, more constant in its influence, more lasting in its sway, is the power of character—that power which emanates from a pure and lofty mind.

Take any community, who is the man of most influence? To whom do all look up with reverence? Not the "smartest" man, not the cleverest politician, nor the most brilliant talker, but he who, in a long course of years, tried by extremes of prosperity and adversity, has proved himself to the judgment of his neighbors, and of all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called wise and good.

THERE is no tyranny like that of friendship and love when they are not guided and directed by a due consideration for mutual claims. One sided claims will either destroy friendship altogether, or make it a galling chain. The ability to give and take is a necessary condition to the growth and permanence of true friendship.

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At Home and Abroad.

Luther Laflin Mills, the Chicago criminal lawyer, says that when he was a boy he frequently accompanied his father, who was a wholesale merchant, on collecting tours through the Northwest. They had to travel by wagon, and, as the father would have large sums of money about him, it was often a problem where they could safely put up for the night. "My boy," the old man used to say, "it is safe to stay at a house where there are flowers in the window."

In the course of time a large manufacturing or wholesale house accumulates a quantity of postal cards that have never been used, but that have printed addresses on them. There is now a firm which makes a business of collecting these. They cover the addresses first with ink, then bronze this over, and, if required, will print new addresses on the bronzing and return them at the net price of about half a cent each on large lots. The other half cent is saved the customer.

A Toledo watchmaker has added to his bicycle from time to time until it now carries five. There is a seat for the seven-year-old on the rear, another for the five-year-old in front, in the middle is the three-year-old, in front of him the baby of eleven months, and on the other side of him the ingenious father. He loads the three youngest first, then takes a running start and jumps on himself. Then while the machine is in motion the seven year-old jumps aboard and away they go.

In case of sickness the great Calumet and Hecla Mining Company formerly collected $6 a year from each employe to constitute a fund which the company guarantees shall prove ample to furnish the contributor and his family with medicine, medical attendance and hospital facilities for twelve months. This sum has recently been doubled, and employes must now pay $1 a month. Then the company collects 50 cents a month to constitute a benefit fund for the men and their families. For every dollar contributed by an employe, the Calumet and Hecla adds another.

The latest contribution to the biography of Washington comes in the shape of an interesting account of his early sweethearts. It seems that George had no less than five serious love affairs before he met and won the Widow Custis. The five given are doubtless authentic, as each one is established by abundant authorities. In his youth he must have been a trifle indiscreet in putting himself on record. He not only wrote to their papas once, but importuned the fathers on several occasions, always with pen, ink and paper. In this he made a mistake, although it is not yet a crime for a young man to make love to any girl he pleases, still it is "worse than a crime, it is a blunder" to put it down in black and white.

The Dominion of Canada is to-day one of the least known large countries in the world. It is surprising how little even the Canadians know about their own vast northern realm. In many places it is dotted with unexplored areas, each larger than the whole Kingdom of Portugal. This reflection has been intensified in westerners by the claim now made by Dr. Robert Bell, of Ottawa, of having just discovered a large river in the hitherto untraversed James Bay territory. This newly discovered stream, for which even the native Indians have no name, is declared to be 500 miles in length and over a mile in width, with frequent expansions many miles in breadth. With such a river great hopes may be expected of the future of this neglected region, and the hidden possibilities of a great commercial empire for the Canada of to-morrow have gained an unexpected and emphatic new argument.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Our Young Folks.

BUFFA'S DISGRACE.

BY L. A. B.

"WE ought to have had a grand procession, said Munkee.

"What's that?" said Baboo.

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't know what a procession is?" said Munkee.

"Never heard of it," said Baboo.

"Nor I," screamed Apee.

"Why, in my country," said Munkee, "we have processions, and meetings and strikes, and all kinds of things—but then," and Munkee lowered his voice to a whisper, "with such a king as yours, who does not know a handsome monkey when he sees one, and——"

"What are you monkeys whispering about," said Buffa, the big bear, "and what is a procession anyway?"

Munkee laughed, as only a monkey can laugh.

"I thought you were asleep, Mr. Buffa," he said sillily.

"So I was till you waked me with your chatter," said Buffa; "and now you have waked me, no more nonsense," and he playfully rolled Munkee over. "What is a procession?"

"Well," said Munkee, "in a procession, everyone dresses up, and there are bands and flags, and everyone processes."

"Well," said Buffa, "what happens after that?"

"That's all," said Munkee; "only sometimes they have speeches."

"Ah!" said Buffa, "how very dull!" and he turned round and went to sleep again.

"Cross old thing!" whispered Munkee; "I hate him. I should like to pay him out."

"I don't know why he's so cross to day," said Baboo; "perhaps he does not like the new queen."

"I like her," said Apee, "she's so lively and so full of fun."

"Is she?" said Munkee; "then I will pay old Buffa out, and we will have a procession. What fun!" and he scampered away.

The king was in his den, dining with his new wife, and Munkee waited patiently until dinner was over. He waited, too, until he knew the king would be sound asleep, and then, slipping past the Jackal, who was waiting for the bones from the king's table, he made his way into the den.

"Her Majesty," said a young lioness.

"Will see me," said Munkee boldly, with his very best bow.

That night the king called together his council, a council of five.

Stripina, the tiger, Buffa, the bear, Spotta, the leopard, and Warie, the wise wolf, were there; but, though nobody knew it, it was a council of six, for behind a rock Munkee was crouching.

The king seemed excited, but as he had been married that morning, nobody could be surprised at that.

He would not listen to Buffa's congratulations, and when Stripina began to speak of business, he lashed his tail angrily.

"This council," he said, "is not called by us for state business."

Stripina looked at Buffa, as much as to say, "Why is it called then?" and Spotta yawned; but Warie, the wise wolf, did not even growl, though it was a fine night and she was longing to be up and away.

"This council," said the king, "is called, because our queen; that is, because we ——"

Buffa slowly winked one eye, and behind the rock Munkee's tail was waving about so energetically that it was a wonder it was not seen.

"This council is called," said the king, "because we wish to arrange for a grand procession in honor of our wedding."

"A what, your Majesty?" said Stripina.

"Munkee," muttered Buffa.

"A procession," said the king. "The queen and I will array ourselves in festal attire, so that all may admire my beauteous bride."

"That all may laugh at their king," growled Buffa.

The king roared loudly.

"Buffa," he said angrily.

"Your Majesty," said Warie quickly, "will pardon us if we do not quite understand."

"Your Majesty," said Buffa eagerly, "do not be led astray, do not be dictated to, by that wretched Munkee."

This time the king was very angry.

"Dictate to me!" he cried. "Buffa, leave the council—I will find a new councillor."

"Oh!" whispered Stripina.

And Warie seized Buffa and hurried him away, for the king was indeed angry.

For two whole days and two whole nights Buffa hid away in his cave. He saw nothing, he heard nothing, he knew nothing, except that he was in disgrace with his well-beloved master the king.

On the third day there was a great noise; but Buffa only crept farther into his hole.

The noise grew louder and louder, and Buffa buried his head, so that he should not hear the sound. Then he felt some one touch him.

It was Warie, the wise wolf.

"Buffa," said Warie, "Buffa, why do you hide away when the king is in danger?"

"In danger?" cried Buffa.

"Yes, in danger," said Warie. "Come!"

"But I am disgraced," said Buffa. "I am no longer a councillor."

"And you think of yourself before the king!" said Warie.

Buffa turned away ashamed; then he crept towards the entrance and peeped out.

He saw a strange sight.

Munkee, with the councillor's chain round his neck and carrying the crown on a red cushion, led the way; behind him walked the king and queen. Above their heads floated a large banner, carried by two young bears, and behind the king and queen followed animals of all kinds.

"In festal array!" murmured Buffa; "why, he looks ——"

"Ridiculous," said Warie. "Can you not see, all the animals would laugh, if they dared?—and presently they will dare."

"Where are Stripina and Spotta, and the bigger animals?" said Buffa.

"Where, indeed?" said Warie. "They could not join in such a mockery, and they will not see that it may mean danger to the king, danger to everyone; for Munkee is so puffed up with success that he will do anything, and the king has many enemies."

"Come," said Buffa, moving to the entrance of the cave.

"Carefully," said Warie, following him.

As they reached the entrance Munkee had stopped the procession, and was speaking to the animals.

"Hear me," he said.

"Hear him!" screamed Baboo and Apee.

"Hear him!" cried all the small animals.

And the king waved the hat he carried in the air.

"We have seen a noble procession," said Munkee; "we ought to have more processions—a procession every day."

"Hurrah!" cried a number of geese.

The queen smoothed her bonnet strings and look very pleased.

"Now," said Munkee, and raising the crown quickly he placed it on his own head, "if I were king ——"

"Hurrah!" shouted a few voices.

But the king dropped his wife's arm, and with a roar sprang forward and knocked the crown off the monkey's head.

But the roar was a feeble one, and the spring ended in a fall, for the king was unaccustomed to his grand clothes.

There was a shout from all animals, and then a terrible silence.

The king, the mighty lion, had fallen.

Munkee picked up the crown.

"I will be king!" he cried.

"No; I will be king!" shouted a voice.

In another moment there would have been confusion, but Buffa sprang from his hiding place, and Warie with one bound knocked the monkey over.

"Traitor!" shouted Buffa.

"Traitor!" shouted all the animals.

And the shout brought Stripina and Spotta hurrying to the scene.

"Where is the traitor?" said Stripina.

"This traitor would be king," said Buffa.

"And where is the king?" said Spotta.

But the king and queen had disappeared.

"A monkey king over us!" said Stripina.

"Kill him!" said the leopard.

"Kill him!" shouted all the animals.

But Munkee did not wait to be killed—he wriggled away from Buffa and ran off. Not an animal thought of following him, for from the cave there sounded the well-known roar.

"At last," said Buffa.

The king, with crown on head, no longer wearing the dress, came out of the cave with Warie.

"Where is the traitor?" he asked.

"Gone," said Apee.

"Then why do you all wait?" demanded the king.

"We came to see the procession," said a bold squirrel.

The king roared twice, and all the animals crept away, one after the other.

As Warie passed the king he gave him the councillor's chain, which he had snatched from Munkee's neck; and the king slipped it over Buffa's head.

"A council meeting to-night for state business," he said.

And Buffa, the bear, Councillor to his Majesty, the king, bowed.

TOO HOT FOR HIM.—During the Confederate war, one Jim was attached to Rosser's Cavalry, in Stuart's command.

Jim was noted for his strong antipathy to shot and shell, and a peculiar way he had of avoiding too close communion with the same; but at last all his plans failed to keep him out of the "row," and he, with his companions, under a lieutenant, was detailed to support a battery that composed a portion of the rear guard. The enemy kept pressing so close, in fact, as to endanger the retreating forces, and the troops covering the retreat had orders to keep the enemy in check for a given period at all hazards.

Jim grew desperate under the galling fire. He placed himself in every position that his genius could invent, but the "hiss" of the bullet haunted him still. At last, in despair, he called to the commanding officer, "Lieutenant, let's fall back!"

"I cannot do it Jim!" replied the officer.

"Well, I'll be dratted if we don't get cleaned out if we stay here!"

"My orders, Jim, are to hold this place and support that battery of guns"—pointing to the artillery close by. "If we fall back, the enemy will rush in and capture the guns."

Just at that instant a well directed bullet impressed Jim with the fact that a change of base was necessary. Jim found another apparently protected spot, and, as soon as he had recovered his mind, he sang out, "Oh, lieutenant, what do you think them cannons cost?"

"I don't know, Jim; I suppose one thousand dollars."

"Well," said Jim, "let's start a collection and pay for the darned guns, and let the Yankees have 'em!"

HUMOR AND SARCASM.—It is not everybody who knows where to joke, or when, or how; and whoever is ignorant of these conditions had not better joke at all. A gentleman never attempts to be humorous at the expense of people with whom he is but slightly acquainted. In fact, it is neither good management nor wise policy to joke at anybody's expense; that is to say, to make anybody uncomfortable merely to raise a laugh.

Old Æsop, who was doubtless the subject of many a gibe on account of his humped back, tells the whole story in his fable of "The Boys and the Frogs."

What was jolly for the youngsters was death to the croakers. A jest may cut deeper than a curse. Some men are so constituted that they cannot take even a friendly joke in good part, and instead of repaying it in the same light coin, will requite it with contumely and insult.

Never banter one of this class, for he will brood over your badinage long after you have forgotten it, and it is not prudent to incur any one's enmity for the sake of uttering a smart double entendre or a tart repartee.

Ridicule, at best, it is a perilous weapon. Satire, however, when levelled at social follies and political evils, is not only legitimate, but commendable. It has shamed down more abuses than were ever abolished by force of logic.

THIEVES UP A TREE.—An odd nest of thieves was discovered the other day in Washington City. It was a small wooden house, about six by eight feet in size, built in the top of a large oak tree some forty feet from the ground. The tree had been selected for the difficulty with which it could be descended, and the thieves' nest was only accessible by a rope ladder suspended from one of the branches that supported the house. The nest had been built by three young men, who had all the winter been engaged in a series of daring and systematic burglaries. When the place was discovered and an attempt made to enter it, the young rascals set the place on fire, and a policeman who was ascending the tree barely escaped with his life.

Every man having a beard should keep it an even and natural color, and if it is not so already, use Buckingham's Dye and appear tidy.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The German Emperor is multiplying his musical compositions, and before long an album of songs written by him is to be published.

Temperance people ought to feel gratified concerning the progress of their work in India. Out of 70,000 British soldiers in that country, 24,000 are professed total abstainers.

An overhead single-rail electric railway is being put up between Leipzig and Halle, trains on which will cover the twenty miles between the two towns in fifteen minutes.

Cars in which aluminum will be used for all metal work save the wheels and axles are to be put on the State railroads in France. The saving in weight for an ordinary train will be 30 tons.

Minchen Becker, three feet six inches high, has secured a divorce from her husband, who is over six feet tall. Minchen Becker was formerly a member of the celebrated Lilliputian Company.

Ten years ago the logs in Wisconsin ran four or five to 1000 feet of lumber. Now, 12, 15 and even 20 logs are required to furnish as much. In five years the decrease in diameter of the pine tree cut for lumber has been 35 per cent.

It is said that all the species of shell fish draw the carbonate of lime of which their shells are formed from the sea. After the death of the animals the shells accumulate at the bottom of the ocean, forming lofty mountains and vast beds of chalk.

All the flags for British ships of war, except the royal standards, are made in the Government Dockyards, and the enormous number required may be judged from the fact that in the color loft at Chatham alone about 18,000 flags are made in a year.

Mayor Pingree's potato farms, on the vacant lots of Detroit, have been more prosperous this year than last even—yielding 60,000 bushels of potatoes and $10,000 worth of other products. The saving to the Poor Department will amount to some $20,000.

A twelve-year-old boy was killed in a peculiar way in Menominee last week. He was pushing a playmate in an ordinary rope swing and got in the way of the swing as it came towards him. The seat struck him in the chest and he died in a few minutes.

The first glass works in America were established in 1608, 116 years after its discovery. It was a modest venture in an industrial way, but one to which much importance is attached, because it was the first industry started by Europeans on American soil.

A New Bedford hen is said to have laid an egg last week which measured four inches in length and 7¼ inches in circumference, and weighed six ounces. When broken it was found to contain another egg of ordinary size, perfect in shape and with a hard shell.

An English apiculturist has commenced training bees for letter-carrying purposes, and his efforts have met with great success. In time of war bees would have the advantage over pigeons of invisibility, and might go through the enemy's lines with impunity.

Though music has no charm for the lion and tiger, it has been discovered by a naturalist who has been conducting experiments in the London Zoological Gardens, that these animals are powerfully affected by the smell of lavender water. Under its influence they become as docile as lambs.

A novelty in advertising is shown in a Scotch church. The congregation could not pay its minister; to help them out of their dilemma a soap firm offered to pay $500 a year for five years on condition that its advertisement be hung up in front of the gallery in the church. The offer was accepted.

Philip B. Clark, of Porter township, Pike county, is to be envied by the general office seeker. He is a Justice of the Peace, a Road Supervisor, a School Director, a Town Clerk, a Judge of Election, and occasionally an acting Constable. Despite the many offices he holds, Mr. Clark is one of the best liked men in Pike county.

Since Sheriffs in certain sections of the country have employed bloodhounds to aid of tracking criminals the price of these animals has materially increased. One hundred dollars is said to be the average price for a good bloodhound pup. In Kentucky the raising of these dogs in becoming an industry of considerable importance.

The following is the daily ration of wild animals, such as those at the Zoological Gardens and the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris: Ten pounds of flesh for each lion, tiger and bear; seven pounds for the panther, three to six pounds for the hyena, one pound for the wild cat, two pounds for the eagle, all of which flesh must be fresh and without bone.

Although "Trilby" is now a trifle passee it may interest some readers of that entertaining romance to know that the song "Malbrouc s'en va-t-en guerre," which runs through its pages, is sung to the tune of "We won't go home till morning." The song is of great age. It was a war chant of the Crusaders, and it was popular with Marie Antoinette. Both Beethoven and Beaumarchais made use of it.

TO THE ROBIN.

BY J. C.

Sweet singer of the sweet, sad days,
Thy requiem for the summer dead
Rings clearly through the golden haze,
While o'er thy head
The sere leaves, with a gentle sigh,
Float softly down to earth to die,
Gold, brown and red.

And is thy song all sadness? Nay!
Thy little heart full well doth know
That where the sere leaf breaks away
The bud doth show
Sure promise of another spring,
When thy glad song with love will ring
Sweet, clear and low.

SOME LONG NAMES.

In this country we are not good at inventing names. The Chinese, the Japanese and even the Red Indians, can all give us points and beat us in that apparently simple art. We fancy that we have done very well if we can think of an appropriate simple name, such as George, Henry, or John Thomas. But more primitive nations love a good long descriptive name, which tells you something about a man's character.

Thus, in 1890, when the Red Indians were on the war-path, the newspapers were full of accounts of braves bearing the most picturesque and charming names. Among them were Sitting Bull, Shaved Head, Young man afraid of Horses, Broken Arm, Big Foot, Yellow Hair, Red Thunder, Crazy Horses, Little Wound, Kicking Bear and Red Cloud.

Longfellow has written poetry about Driving Cloud, "the chief of the mighty Omahas," and has acquainted us with Rain in the Face, Great Pearl Feather, Big Sea Water, Face in a Mist, Storm Fool, and Son of the Evening Star. Even the elder Disraeli waxes enthusiastic over these Red Indian names, and mentions with admiration the examples of Great Swift Arrow, Dawn of the Day, Sun Bright, Path Opener and Great Eagle.

But the Red Indian must hide his diminished head when he comes into competition with the Heathen Chinee. The daughter of one of the Chinese ambassadors accredited to London rejoiced in the romantic and expressive appellation of The Tottering Lily of Fascination. There is a Chinese disease-god known as Mr. Muscle and Bone Pain; and another with the still longer name of Mr. Imperfect in every part of his Body. This latter god is apparently a kind of residuary legatee of all the diseases not especially appropriated to other deities.

But wonderful as these Chinese names are, perhaps the Japanese names of deities are still more marvellous. Thus, the three primitive Japanese deities were named, it seems, Master of the August Centre of Heaven, High August Producing Wondrous Deity, and Divine Producing Wondrous Deity. These august and wondrous deities were uncreated, but not immortal. Overpowered, presumably, by the weight of their own names, they pined away and died. Thereupon, two other gods were born from a sprout like a reed-shoot. Their names were Pleasant Reed Shoot Prince Elder Deity, and Heavenly Externally Standing Deity.

These also died; and to them succeeded Earthly Externally Standing Deity, and Luxuriant Integrating Master Deity. Then they were internally disintegrated and died too. Next were born five pairs, and their illustrious names were these: Mud Earth Lord and Mud Earth Lady; Germ Integrating Deity and Life Integrating Deity; Elder of the Great Place and Elder Lady of the Great Place; Perfect Exterior and O-Awful Lady; and Lastly, The Male who invites and The Female who invites. We think we have met the Mud Earth Lord and the O-Awful Lady sometimes.

But though these were among the earliest of Japanese gods, it must not be supposed that later divinities were content with less expressive titles. On the contrary, we find them maintaining the traditions of their predecessors with the utmost spirit. Thus, there are the Crying Weeping Female Deity, the Heaven Shining Great August Deity, His Augustness Moon Night Possessor, and His Brave Swift Impetuous Male Augustness.

Nor must we omit that important god, Thought Includer; nor the gentleman bearing the name of His Augustness Heaven Plenty Earth Plenty Heaven's Sun Height Prince Rice Ear Ruddy Plenty. Imagine what a nice name this would be to call out rapidly! Conceive the dismay of a linkman or policeman, after a party, having to call out for His Augustness Heaven Plenty Earth Plenty Heaven's Sun Height Prince Rice Ear Ruddy Plenty's carriage! How did His Augustness, etc., manage to get it all on his visiting-card? Apparently, he failed utterly in the vain attempt, for we learn that the name was usually shortened to Ninigino-Mikoto, which itself is quite long enough for any ordinary pagan.

After His Augustness, there is a certain tameness about such names as Prince Fire Shine, Prince Fire Subside, Prince Fire Climax, Deity Salt Possessor, Ocean Possessor, and even His Augustness Divine Yamato Iware Prince, whatever that high-sounding title may imply. But our hopes revive again when we find a region called the Central Land of Reed Plains; one of the Japanese islands called the Great Yamato the Luxuriant Island of the Dragon Fly; and another small island called Onogoro, or Self-coagulated.

There seem, too, to be infinite possibilities about such names as Okusaka no Oji and Prince Kinashi no Karn. They are sure to signify something at once august and wondrous and shining and plentiful, with possibly just a touch of ruddiness and a flavor of rice to add a zest to their other sublime qualities.

While, however, we may feel inclined to smile at these long-winded Japanese names, we must not forget that even Europeans occasionally allow what may be termed the christening impulse to run away with them. Thus, in June 1887, Count Andre Zamoyski christened his baby daughter, Marie Josephe Sophie Isabelle Rose Francoise Stanislase Antoinette Theresa Louise Etiennette Christine Caroline Griseldis Michelle Janviere Desiree Marguerite.

Grains of Gold.

A thousand people want to live long to where one wants to live well.

To abandon a friend for a single error evinces a cold heart and a weak judgment.

Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds, and, though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

A gentleman always knows the difference between being friendly and being familiar.

Life in this world will never be rightly understood until we come to look at it from the next.

In clothes clean and fresh there is a kind of youth with which age should surround itself.

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, but he is sure of both in the end.

To be happy you must forget yourself. Learn benevolence; it is the only cure of a morbid temper.

Who waits until circumstances completely favor his undertaking will never accomplish anything.

Common-sense does not ask an impossible chessboard, but takes the one before it and plays the game.

Cheerfulness is like money well expended in charity; the more we dispense of it, the greater our possession.

Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it.

To do easily what is difficult for others is the mark of talent. To do what is impossible for talent is a mark of genius.

We love only partially till we know thoroughly. Grant that a closer acquaintance reveals weakness; it will also disclose strength.

Femininities.

Some girls play with a man's affections, and others work him.

Miss Francis Willard says bicycles have a tendency to lessen the consumption of liquor. She may be right.

Dublin University has received severe censure for its resistance to the extension of its privileges to women students.

Sottleigh: "Will you marry me? I would die for you." Miss Pert: "Well, then, get your life insured in my favor."

"Hush, there are visitors in the drawing-room." "How do you know?" "Listen, papa is saying 'My dear' to mamma."

Ranavalona II. Queen of Madagascar, is said to look decidedly pretty and piquante in light blue silk knickerbockers."

Lady Randolph Churchill, according to a gossip, is tattooed with a snake around one arm. The operation took place during her visit to India.

The girl who boasts of the number of times she has been engaged makes the discreditable admission that none of the young man was in earnest.

Dr. Nannie A. Stevens, of Wichita, Kansas, has brought suit for divorce against her husband because he "laid around and would not help get the meal."

Mrs. Portly Pompous: "Oh, Bridget, you have broken that magnificent Japanese vase." Bridget: "Sure, mum, isn't it lucky that there was nothing in it."

Queen Victoria first discovered that she was going to ascend the throne of England by going over the family genealogy with her tutor when she was a little girl.

A medical journal declares that the common habit among women of biting off the thread with which they are sewing is prolific of sore throat and blood poisoning.

Sarah Bernhardt does not think the bicycle a suitable vehicle for women, though whether the grounds of her disapproval are moral, sanitary or sartorial is not stated.

Chollie: "Youah daughtah has consented to marry me, and—er—I'd like to know if there is any insanity in youah family." Old gentleman, emphatically: "There must be!"

A French savant has discovered that many perfumes aid health by destroying disease microbes. Thyme, lemon, mint, lavender, eucalyptus and other scents proved very useful.

Sister: "There, you have the candy all over your new suit. What will mamma say?" Tommy: "Well, mamma won't let me have any fun in those clothes till I get them spotted."

"Oh, yes, my husband has been a collector of curios and such things for a number of years." "Was he in that business when he married you?" "Yes, indeed." "I thought so."

"I'd be ashamed," said the rouge-box to the mirror, "to cast reflections upon my mistress the way you do." "You have no room to talk," was the retort; "you bring the blush to her cheek."

Mrs. Nelson A. Miles first met the General at Senator Sherman's house, in 1868, during a reception. Each immediately fell violently in love with the other, and a wedding speedily followed.

Madame Rejane taught an observing woman last winter that a French woman always wears her shoes and her gloves more than ample in size, contending it decreases the size and increases the beauty of both.

The newest market novelty is the tomato sausage. It is made in a domestic way at Portland; is a delicate pinkish white and tastes of sage and ripe tomatoes. It has made quite a hit in that city and surrounding towns.

Although he can walk, run, slide, skate, toboggan, bicycle, ride, drive, sail, hustle behind an engine and cleave the air in a balloon, every now and then man breaks out in a spasm of discontent because he has not wings.

The Boston Transcript says that Maria Mitchell is the only American woman's name found among the hundreds of names of great writers, artists, scientists, etc., on the external memorial tablets of the new Boston Public Library.

"Fillison tells me that if he had had any idea how much bicycling strengthened the knees he would have begun riding long before he did." "Well, Fillison ought to know what he is talking about. His fiancee weighs nearly 160 pounds."

It is said that cut flowers will keep very fresh if a small pinch of nitrate of potash, or common saltpetre, is put in the water in which they stand. The ends of the stems should be cut off a little every day to keep open the absorbing pores.

Among the Turks bath-money forms an item in every marriage contract, the husband engaging to allow his wife a certain sum for bathing purposes. If it be withheld, she has only to go before the cadi, and turn her slipper upside down. If the complaint be not then redressed, it is a ground for divorce.

Masculinities.

Pierre Lorillard, the tobacco millionaire, does not use the weed in any form.

The wise man is he who asks a great deal of advice and takes very little of it.

Obstinacy is another man's view of our determination; pigheadness, our view of his.

Queen Victoria considers it "highly undesirable for young ladies to have latch-keys."

Emperor William's favorite drink is a large glass of champagne containing a few petals of violets.

The insane King Otto of Bavaria jumps about on all fours and eats his food off the ground, like a dog.

A colossal statue of Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot, is soon to be erected on the top of the Kuchelberg.

General Cassius M. Clay has tired of having governesses in his house for his young wife and has sent her to school.

Governor Culberson, of Texas, is only 32 years old. He is the youngest man that ever held the office in that State.

There are now twenty-five women in Chicago who are practicing lawyers, and fifteen more will soon be admitted to the Bar.

Admit occasionally to your friend that he knows more than you do. It gives him a great impression of your discrimination and good sense.

A writer in an Austrian paper says that Prince Bismarck's family is of Bohemian origin, and that the name was originally spelled "Duschek."

A Berlin house painter who recently died of alcoholism was found to have swallowed varnish, which had hardened and filled the pit of the stomach solid.

"So you wouldn't take me to be twenty-five," tittered Miss Twitters. "What would you take me for, then?" "About thirty-six," replied inconsiderate Mr. Swayback.

Thomas Courtney, a wealthy farmer of Viedersburg, Ind., has been married to his present wife four times and divorced three times. His wife is now after another divorce.

The great grandson of Robert Burns, the poet's namesake and only surviving relative, is an old man living in Edinburgh in ill health and poverty, being employed by the municipality at small wages.

The Rev. Robert C. Foute, rector of Grace Church, San Francisco, one of the most fashionable Episcopal churches in that city, served as a midshipman aboard the Merrimac during her fight with the Monitor.

Ethel Gotrox: "Papa, you must let me marry Jack. He says he positively cannot live without me another day." Old Gotrox: "This is more serious than I thought it was. I had no idea he was so hard up as that."

Professor Hodgson, in his "Errors in the Use of English," notes the following curious epitaph in an Ulster churchyard: "Erected to the memory of John Phillips accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

The Shahzada is said to have taken back with him to Afghanistan a singular assortment of "curiosities." The collection included an immense quantity of children's toys, imitation jewelry, fans, feeding bottles, etc.

It is stated that Duke Carl Theodore, of Bavaria, despite his exalted position, is considered one of the greatest of living oculists. Nearly all of his work is done for charity, and besides other cases he has performed alone 2500 operations for cataract.

At the Danbury, Conn.: fair the other day there was a monkey that dodged rubber balls thrown at him, three for five cents. The local humane agent interfered on behalf of the monkey and a colored boy was substituted. And yet there are those who sneer at the work done by humane societies!

The young King of Spain recently saw his first bullfight. The little chap viewed the sport without betraying any enthusiasm and departed without rewarding the victorious matador, in accordance with custom. Certain Spaniards fear, therefore, that the young King may take a decided stand against the national sport when he shall have arrived at man's estate.

Those two well-known brothers, ex-Governor "Bob" Taylor, Democrat, and the Hon. "Alf" Taylor, Republican, of Tennessee, are making a tour of the South as joint lecturers, the names of their duo being "Yankee Doodle and Dixie." Alf begins first with an eloquent and humorous talk about "Yankee Doodle," and then "Bob" starts in to tell all about "Dixie."

Hon. J. H. Manley of Augusta, Maine, recently received a cane which he regards of great value. It is made from a piece of the old historic Lafayette square mansion in Washington, which was occupied by Secretary Seward when he was assassinated, and was the property and residence of Mr. Blaine during his last years in Washington. This cane was made from a piece of the wood of the room in which Mr. Blaine died. It has for its handle an ivory top, which was a knob to one of the doors in the room.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A very stylish gown, recently worn by a bride, was made of white satin, and trimmed with Carrickmacross lace and orange blossoms. The very full skirt was cut much longer at the back and sides than in the front, thus forming an extremely artistic round train with the edge adorned by a border of the blossoms.

The blouse bodice was enriched with a large collar of Carrickmacross lace, fitting smoothly across the front and back, and falling over the sleeves like waved epaulettes. The sleeves were cut leg-o'-mutton shape, with a band of orange blossoms encircling the wrist. The collar and belt were composed of the orange blossoms, with a trail of the blossoms falling on the left side of the skirt. A handsome old Honiton lace veil was worn with this attractive gown.

A swell gown is made of ivory-white duchesse satin, the full skirt being ornamented from the waist to the edge by five rows of pearl passementerie.

The closely fitted bodice has a square, full yoke of white chiffon, bordered by passementerie. The bodice has a round back with a decided point in front, the edge being bordered with pearl passementerie and fringe. Pearl ornaments and fringe embellish the bodice across the bust, the neck is adorned by large "pierrot" ruffs of white chiffon. The lower part of the bouffante sleeve is trimmed with pearl passementerie, being arranged as to give the effect of a deep cuff. The court gown of handsome brocbe, edged with white chiffon ruche is draped and fastened on the shoulders by satin bows. A large bow of white satin ribbon ornaments the right side of the train.

Another handsome wedding gown is made of white satin, with a full skirt and long train.

The bodice has a full chiffon vest and pointed revers. The revers are veiled with exquisitely fine Spanish lace, some of which is arranged very full around the shoulders and across the back. The gigot sleeves are cut in square tabs at the wrist, with ruffles of the Spanish lace falling over the hand. The collar band is of white satin ribbon with a large bow at the back. The long train is garnished round the edge with white chiffon, being held down at intervals by bunches of orange blossoms. Six loops of the orange blossoms, tied with white satin ribbon, are fastened on either side of the train for the use of the youthful train bearers.

A handsome black velvet coat was tightly fitted, with jacket front and moderately long full basque. The quaintly shaped revers are made of Persian lamb fur, and ornamented at the lower edge by loops of black satin ribbon. The snugly fitting vest, terminating at the waist, of rich hand embroidered lawn, mounted on the velvet, is adorned down the centre by a ruffled frill of black tulle. The embroidered collar is embellished at the back by two black satin ribbon bows. The back of the coat, just below the waist line, is trimmed with six diamond and enamel buttons, three being arranged on either side. The plain leg-o'-mutton sleeves are ample enough to be worn over any gown sleeves, however elaborate.

A charming little double breasted coat was made of tan cloth. The shape is one of the newest, being quite short all round. The stylish collar, revers and cuffs are made of Persian lamb fur, while the lower part of the sleeves and the shoulders and pockets are tastefully braided with black. The new "loot ball" sleeves are arranged to emerge from a braided armhole, surmounted by a point of the cloth, being cut in quite a new way. Six smoked pearl buttons adorn the front.

Another attractive little coat was made in tobacco-brown broadcloth. The snugly-fitting back has a fluted basque, while the front is quite loose, being enriched by large, pointed revers, extending well over the sleeves. The revers are ornamented by graduated bands, formed of black velvet pipings, each band being finished by a black velvet button. The narrow pointed vest and draped collar band are made of white lace, while black velvet points droop over the edge of the collar. The very large gigot sleeves and the front of the coat are trimmed with perpendicular straps of black velvet piping. On either side of the front is a small pocket.

Both smooth and rough finished cloths are used for making the winter coats. The smooth velvet-like finish cloths are apropos to wear with the best calling gowns, and are shown in dark tan, golden brown and green. One of the novelties in trimming this season's coats is revers of velvet painted with flowers of natural colors. Other trimmings are braids, gimps, and above all else buttons; fur is also much used on the new jackets as collars, in medallions, in narrow bands and as bindings.

A charming jacket of black cloth is made with a full basque cut in a series of points, and has the sleeves slashed over puffings of wine colored mirror velvet; borderings of black feather trimming and very fine jet decorate this jacket. The sleeves at the wrist open out and partially cover the hand. This new style cuff is much in vogue, and makes the hand look small.

Another very stylish coat is made of sapphire-blue cloth, being loose in the front and tight fitting in the back, with full basques and outside pockets. A deep sailor collar and cuffs of a pale shade of blue are braided elaborately in blue and silver, and edged with sable fur. The high collar of fur has two long boa ends of the same, being arranged to ornament the front of the coat. The large sleeves are cut leg-o' mutton shape and enriched by the embroidered cuffs.

A ravissante coat, made of black velvet, is close fitting, with fluted basques in the backs and on the sides. An opening in front is adorned by a soft, full vest of mignonette green satin, being trimmed by horizontal bands of cream-colored guipure lace, lightly embroidered with jet. On either side are arranged three jet buttons, surrounded by small brilliants, and finished with loops of velvet. The front of the collar is of draped satin and is gathered into loops on either side, while the back is made of black velvet, enriched by a group of small black curly ostrich tips. The large sleeves are gigots and are entirely void of trimming. The coat is lined throughout with green and blue shot silk.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

The best material to use for a pudding bag is thin, unbleached muslin. The bag should always be scalded before it is used. The string used to tie it with should be a piece of strong and immaculately clean white tape.

To prevent shoes from making holes in the heels of stockings, sow a piece of wash leather inside the heels of the shoes. This, also, will insure shoes from rubbing the feet and makes them a better fit.

It is said that roaches are killed outright by the poisonous water exhaling from fresh cucumber peelings scattered about the floor at night, and that two or three repetitions will exterminate them root and branch. It is worth trying.

Glass jars are almost universally used in family preserving. The advantage is mainly that the results may be kept in view constantly, and if the preserves should go to fermenting they may be taken out and done over. Most jars require a rubber ring at the point of contact with the lid and jar. These rings lose their elasticity with age, and it is best to buy new rings each year, as they cost little, and they secure a much tighter fit when they are new and elastic. Two preserving jars must be full and perfectly air tight.

To Make Unfermented Cakes.—Soak one pound of oatmeal for ten or twelve hours in one pint of sour buttermilk. Then rub one quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda, and a little salt into one pound of flour, and mix with the oatmeal. Roll it out to any thickness required, and bake in a moderate oven.

To Pickle Lemons.—Rasp the lemon a little, and nick them at one end; lay them in a dish with very dry salt; let them be near the fire, and cover it. They must stand seven or eight days, then put in fresh salt, and let them remain the same time; then wash them well, and pour over them boiling vinegar, grated nutmeg, mace and whole pepper. Whenever the salt becomes damp, it must be taken out and dried. The lemons will not be tender for nearly a year.

Macaroon Cream.—One quarter pound of macaroons, one pint of hot cream, three tablespoons milk, five tablespoons sugar, two tablespoons arrowroot, one salt spoon salt, two tablespoons ground almonds, one-quarter cup sherry or orange juice, juice of half and rind of whole lemon. Lay the macaroons in dish and pour sherry or orange juice over them, having buttered the dish very thoroughly first. Dissolve the arrowroot in the milk, stir in the hot cream, add sugar and salt and lemon rind, and pour over the macaroons. Cover and cook until stiff. Serve with meringue—whites of three eggs beaten very stiff, three tablespoons sugar (sifted), lemon juice, ground almonds; fold in at the last.

Hamburg Steak.—Take one pound of steak from the upper side of the round; chop very fine; add to it a tablespoonful of onion juice, half a teaspoonful of salt, and two dashes of black pepper; mix well together. Moisten the hands in cold water, and take two tablespoonfuls of this mixture and form into small round cakes or steaks (the above quantity will make eight Hamburg steaks). Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a frying pan; when hot, put in the steaks, and fry brown on one side, then turn and fry brown on the other. Place them on a hot dish; add a tablespoonful of flour to the butter remaining in the pan, mix smooth; add half a pint of boiling water, stir constantly until it boils, add salt and pepper to taste, pour over the steak and serve.

Dressed Howtowdie.—Select a nice plump young fowl, and, having plucked and drawn it, stuff it with force-meat; cook it in a very close deep stewpan, with a tight-fitting lid; place in the pan a couple of large onions cut in very thin slices and a dozen or more small pats of butter, a large cupful of stock, with fine herbs, and such other seasoning as may be wished; the heart of a tender cabbage cut in pieces may be placed round the fowl. It will take at least an hour to cook. See that the lid is close. Serve on the bed of cabbage, along with poached eggs and spinach, if desired. It is an excellent supper dish.

Apple Tartlets.—Prepare half a pound of apples as for a tart, and put them into a stewpan with a wineglass of water, four ounces of preserving sugar, a small piece of cinnamon, four cloves, and two small strips of lemon-peel; stew until the apples are quite tender, then pass through a sieve, and set aside to cool. Should the apples not be rather sharp, a squeeze of lemon-juice may be added. Now break two eggs into a basin, and whisk them until well mixed, stir into them gradually half a stale penny sponge cake and one ounce of loaf sugar reduced to a fine powder, and, last of all, two ounces of liquified butter; mix well. Line some pattypans with good puff crust, and put into them a little of the apple pulp, covering this with a layer of the egg mixture. Bake in a moderate oven until the tartlets become of a golden brown, and serve either hot or cold.

Cinnamon Sauce.—Boil up three ounces of sugar with a stick of cinnamon broken up in smallest pieces in a good pint of water. After being well boiled, the liquid must be skimmed and strained, then add a small quantity of arrowroot mixed to a paste with cold water, boil up again, and serve.

Ginger Wine.—One gallon of water, two and a half pounds sugar, an ounce and a half best ginger; boil all that together for half-an-hour, and leave till next day, skim it well; chop one pound and a half of Muscatella raisins, put it all in a jar with half a pint of some spirit and a lemon cut in slices; let all stand till next day, and then strain it; it may be bunged up or bottled at once.

Economical Stock.—The liquor in which a joint of meat has been boiled, trimmings of meat, roast beef bones, three onions, three carrots, three turnips, one head of celery, a bunch of savory herbs, salt, peppercorns, six cloves, three blades of mace. Let all the ingredients simmer gently for five hours, strain it through a sieve. When cold, remove all the fat.

Potato Cakes.—Some mashed potatoes (about eight); mash them and add the yolk of an egg, and stir over the fire till it is cooked; add salt and pepper to season. Take off and cool a little; make this up into cakes or rolls of the desired shape; brush over with the white of an egg, and roll in fine breadcrumbs; fry in smoking hot drippings in the usual manner.

Pea Soup.—One bone, one pound of split peas, two onions, bit of carrot, turnip and celery. Put on the bone to boil, and the peas in ten breakfast cups of water; when it boils put in all the vegetables, cut up in small bits; add a pinch of baking soda, boil two and a half hours; put it through a strainer, put in salt and pepper, and sprinkle a little finely-chopped parsley on the top, and use.

Shepherd's Pie.—Some mashed potatoes, (about nine), half a pound of cooked meat, half a cup of good gravy, salt and pepper. Mash the potatoes with a tablespoonful of milk, and put some in the bottom of a pie-dish; cut the meat in thin slices, and mix it with the gravy; put it on the top of the potatoes; cover all over with the remainder of the potatoes, and smooth and mark neatly on the top. Put it in the oven to get brown and quite hot.

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THROUGH

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life; for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, uncured and badly treated Venereal in its many forms, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ringworm, Saltrheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle are within the curative range of this Wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that are continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain, for when once this remedy commences its work of purification and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving and flesh and weight increasing.

Nebraska City, Neb.

Dr. Radway & Co., Dear Sirs: I presume you find most physicians opposed to using proprietary medicines, and I am one of them to a certain extent. But when I find a prepared medicine that will do and accomplish the desired work for which I want it, I do not hesitate to prescribe and use it; and allow me to assure you we have found your Remedies to be very useful and have used and prescribed them quite extensively during the past three years and shall continue to do so, so long as we find good results by so doing. Please allow me also to say that I have been practicing medicine for 53 years, so you perceive I should be (by actual experience) competent of knowing what good results are by using your Remedies

D. P. NEIHART, M. D.

St. Hyacinthe, P. Q. Canada.

To Dr. Radway—Dear Sir: I account it little sacrifice, indeed, to allow you to publish my letter with regard to Scrofula, after the cures I have been able to effect by following scrupulously your system of treatment.

I again affirm what I spoke of in my last note, and I could recount to you several other cases of different maladies being cured by your system, though the one of Scrofula is by far the most remarkable, and was, in fact, looked upon by many as nothing short of a miracle.

I am your obedient servant,

RANDOLPH McINTYRE, M. D.

IT INCREASES THE FLESH.

Mrs. B——, from a continual drain on her system, wasted away from 165 pounds to 75 pounds in the course of 14 months. She had used barks, iron, sulphuric acid, quinine and many of the much vaunted nostrums of the day, as well as all kinds of injections, and still grew worse. She commenced the use of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. In one month she gained in weight 10 pounds. Day after day she witnessed an increase of flesh and decrease of waste of Leucorrhea. In two months she was entirely cured of the Leucorrhea, and in six months had gained FIFTY POUNDS IN WEIGHT. She is now in the possession of health and beauty. Let all sick ladies take the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

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There is no remedy that will cure the sufferer of Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, Tetters, Rash, Pimples, Blotches, Prickly Heat, Ache and Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Humors of all kinds, so quick as the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. Let it be tried.

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One bottle contains more of the active principle of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

With a Tiger.

BY A. O. H.

THE danger of traveling in India thirty years ago was great—so great, indeed, as to render it extremely difficult to procure a guide and a sufficient number of bearers for the howdah, or wooden cage, in which the most of our traveling was then done.

Pressing business required the presence of one of our house at a remote town in the interior, and as my partner was married and had a family, beside being rather effeminate, and I was alone in the world, and of strong, active frame, I volunteered to undertake the hazardous journey, and went to work hunting up attendants—a not very simple affair, when they heard where I designed going.

However, after two days' strenuous exertion, I succeeded in enlisting eight stalwart fellows in my service, and the howdah having been overhauled, I started, parting with a gay laugh from my overanxious friends, who looked upon me as a voluntary sacrifice to the "almighty dollar."

The howdah was one built under my especial supervision a few months before, and I had strength and security in my eye rather than elegance and lightness, so the intervals of exchange by the bearers were not far apart.

It is almost too commonly known to repeat, that four bearers carried the cage at a time, the unemployed gang running or trotting along at its side, ready to relieve the "watch on deck" when they should grow weary.

It seems strange to a European how these natives, after the exertion necessary to carry a heavy howdah with a man in it for quite a distance, can recover both strength and wind while running alongside, simply relieved of the burden. In our country we would like to sit down awhile before taking a second pull at the bellows.

My journey progressed rapidly, seeing that the motive power was neither steamboat nor locomotive, and we had passed over half the distance before I had become weary of the mode of traveling, or my bearers had perceptibly slackened their speed.

I had opened the sliding doors of the concern to allow the cool breeze full play, and was buried deeply in thought; when with a loud cry my attendants dropped me, and scampered off much the same as a covey of quail on the first appearence of a pointer's nose.

I had presence of mind enough to close and fasten the small doors, for I knew there was danger; what it was, or in what shape it came, I could not even guess, but I was not suffered long to remain in doubt, for with a terrific noise, half howl and half roar, a heavy body struck the howdah with tremendous impetus, completely capsizing it, and compelling me much against my inclination to perform some very curious and astounding acrobatic feats, which would have made even the Hanlon Brothers envious, had they been there to see them.

But they were not; I had no audience, and my impromptu tumblings were but an involuntary private rehearsal, with a decided tendency to give one a splitting headache.

These thoughts, or something like them, passed through my head a great deal quicker than I can write or you read them, and their "even tenor" was again interrupted by a repetition of the tremendous charge from without, which, after knocking the cage (which I blessed my foresight for making so strong) about for a short time, had the effect of righting it, and I cautiously peered from one of the loopholes inside, which had been bored for an occasion like the present. My wonder at the tremendous shocks ceased.

I had seen tigers before, in fact had hunted them, and had proved myself no mean adversary to the royal brute; but in the whole course of my existence, I had never seen, or even heard of such a rouser as this.

He had drawn off about twenty feet after his last dash, and was crouching upon the ground with an expression of mingled ferocity and surprise plainly visible in his enormous feline face.

It was a beautiful mark, as his forehead was in just the position I would have placed it myself, and could I have used the rifle I had with me, I have no doubt but that I could have succeeded in dispatching him with one shot.

However, using my rifle was out of the question without opening the door, at least partly, and that was not to be thought of, even for an instant.

I had my pistols—large, trusty navy revolvers—but I was not sure of them against such a formidable antagonist. I saw by the increased restlessness of the brute that whatever I did must be done quickly, as in a very short time I might expect to repeat my gymnastic exercises; so taking deliberate aim at the centre of his forehead, I fired.

Scarcely had the report died away when I heard the howling roar and felt instinctively that the tiger was coming, so, dropping my pistol, I clutched at the sides of the howdah, determined, if possible, to save my head from the very unphysiological bumps, a number of which were already raised upon it by the two previous charges. To my surprise, I felt nothing this time further than a slight shaking, and then heard the rustling of a body upon the roof of the cage—a rustling such as a dog makes when he throws himself upon the floor.

"Ah! ha!" I said, to myself of course, as I did not wish to hold any conversation with the 'Royal Bengal'—"ah! ha! so you're on the roof, are you? Well, as I can't see you very well up there, I will order you down," and I fired straight through the centre of the howdah, not for the purpose or with the hope of killing, or even severely wounding him, only, as I have said, of giving him a gentle hint that the ground was, perhaps, his most legitimate sphere of action.

He took the hint with a roar of thanks, or rage, and "came down" upon the opposite side to that from which he had ascended, and retired, as before, to the distance of fifteen or twenty feet, surprised, no doubt, at the unceremonious manner in which he was told to "get down."

His face was again toward the howdah, and I noticed a ridge reaching nearly half the length of the forehead, where my first bullet had plowed its way in the bone for the whole distance.

I saw my error now. In the rather tremulous state of my nerves, I had fired a little high, and the ball had glanced after striking in an obtuse angle. However, I should not throw away another shot in the same manner, since I knew how it was done.

As I saw he was slightly bewildered and had no intention of moving for the moment, I reached for my brandy flask and drank a pretty stiff horn, after which I felt better and more able to cope with Mr. Tiger.

The last-named personage now seemed to consider himself sufficiently recovered to "take another hack at it" (to use a backwoods expression), and began systematically to lash himself into the requisite amount of fury, by the process of threshing the ground around him with his handy caudle appendage, and I conceived my time for action had arrived.

His head was slightly to one side, and the eye presented a very acceptable mark: resting the barrel of my weapon upon the sill or edge of the loop-hole, I took careful sight at the optic, and blazed away with two chambers in rapid succession.

This time it was a howl—clear, long-drawn, and sonorous—which answered my shot, and it was succeeded by a perfect torrent of snarls and moanings, which, in tiger language, are equivalent, I suppose, to curses and invectives in man talk.

Looking out, I saw my late enemy rolling, struggling, and lashing the poor, innocent earth in his death agonies, about half way between his former position and the howdah.

I watched him until with a cry, almost human in its intensity, he rolled over upon his side and died. Then I opened the door and went to the spot to examine him. I found him a little over seven feet from the tip of his nose to the root of his tail, which, perhaps, was nearly two feet additional.

While I was measuring the brute my attendants came running up, with many expressions of joy at my victory, but no one spoke of their desertion. It seems they had not gone far, as they saw the tiger had directed his attack upon the howdah, and they knew he would not leave it to pursue them, so they had watched and waited until the finale.

Under my direction, the brute was robbed of his gaudy skin, and we again took up our line of march.

The rest of our journey was without incident, and, after I had attended to my business, I found a party of gentlemen who were on their way to the coast. I joined them, and the next day had the pleasure of exhibiting the robe like skin to my friends.

THEY CAME TO TERMS.—He was a comic writer, and asked her to be his wife. He proposed as seriously as a humorous man could, and she laughed. He looked blue. Then she smiled and said—

"That is a capital joke."

"What's a joke?" he asked in surprise.

"Your latest. Shall you have it printed?"

"That was no joke. I meant it."

"You did? Why, you have written so much in ridicule of love, courtship, and marriage——"

"Well—er—er—yes—but——"

"I should never suit you. I write postscripts, stop before the mirror, am slow in dressing for church, admire a new hat, sometimes want a new dress, and——"

"But, my dear Angelina, I should never object to——"

"You have shown me that happiness ends with marriage, and I have a mother who would be a mother-in-law to you, and who would want to visit me; and——"

"Why, I——"

"And I have my animosities, and may look round in church, and you would find such a lot of things to write about."

"My precious, I would only write about other people then; the neighbors, the——"

"Those horrid Miss Sniffitsons?"

"That's a fact."

"And the stuck up folks over the way?"

"Most certainly."

"Enough! I am yours."

CIRCUMSTANCE.—Madame de Savigne, in one of her brilliant letters, rallies her correspondent, a glittering French dandy, on his unwillingness to be called a grandfather. She speaks there, as many another has spoken, of the terrible contrast there would be between twenty and sixty, if such a thing were possible as that we should be twenty to day and sixty to-morrow.

But there is nothing terrible in the growing old so gradually that there is never any day on which we do not seem to be the same as the day before.

When one looks about on the smooth-faced ranks of an infant school, and thinks, Here is the plastic material out of which that strange sculptor, Circumstance, is going to fashion good men and bad men, good women and bad women, artists and artisans, clergymen and criminals, doctors and dandies, one feels a sort of oppression, a shivering terror of the future; but time passes, and the small people grow and develop so gradually, slide with such seeming naturalness each into his own place, that we forget that human beings are never absolutely free agents, and that not one of us can situate himself just as he would, or determine his own taste and his own career, any more than he can say whether he will be five or six feet in height, or will have blue eyes or black.

UNFLINCHING COURAGE.—Happy is he who leads in any good undertaking if, having an intelligent perception of what is required to make that work permanently successful, he has also the courage of his opinions and unflinching steadfastness to stand by them during the period of transition, before the results of endeavor and energy have been fully developed.

By-and-by, though at first misunderstood, the sterling qualities of his motives will be perceived and the wisdom of his foresight admitted.

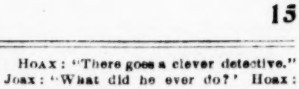
Others will fall into line and co-operate with him. Only let him not yield to the sense of loneliness or weakening self-mistrust that must be expected in the earlier stages of the task. Patience must have her perfect work.

Especially let him not be baffled by the assertions of some who hastily declare the thing a possibility, being unable to see with his eyes the prospect of distant yet compensating success.

NUMBERED HIS FOOTSTEPS.—There is a good deal of information given to the world that is quite unasked for. A curious statistician had put himself to the trouble of counting the number of steps he took in walking during the whole year. The number he finds to have been 9,760,100, or an average of 26,740 steps a day. Going still further into the details, he declares that over 600,000 of these steps were taken in going up and down stairs. The learned gentleman neglects to state, however, what benefit he or his fellow-creatures will derive from these careful computations.

"TAKE away woman," shouted the orator, "and what would follow?" "We would," said a man at the back of the audience, promptly.

HOAX: "There goes a clever detective." Joax: "What did he ever do?" Hoax: "He once traced an umbrella back to its original owner."



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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 3.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '68. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,
I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do no know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

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WE SECURE PATENTS FOR INVENTORS, and the object of this offer is to encourage persons of an inventive turn of mind. At the same time we wish to impress the fact that

It's the Simple Trivial inventions That Yield Fortunes

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Almost every one conceives a bright idea at some time or other. Why not put it in practical use? You, reader, may be in this direction. May make your fortune. Why not try?

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Humorous.

THE BANDERJACKET.

The Banderjacket has crossed the sea
In a boat of navy blue;
He has left his head with a bumblebee
And his tail with a kangaroo.
But whether they'll treat them as they should
Not a jipperty jiff he cares,
For he knows the Woffinger from the wood
Will sell him a brace of bears.

The Woffinger's nose is icy cold,
But his tongue is a tongue of flame,
And that is the reason, so folks are told,
That his uncle's horse goes lame.
But, hark! he carols a gold refrain,
Which rings o'er the pine tree's top;
"Oh, the Banderjacket has crossed the main,
And he may have to come to a stop!"

The Banderjacket has placed his feet
On a pillow of eider down,
An' the Woffinger's roasting a joint of meat
By the light of his velvet gown.
They have shaken hands with a shooting star
That controls a wild beast show,
But why they do it and what they are
There's nobody seems to know!

Addicted to fits—The tailor.

A grave injustice—Being buried alive.

Working for bare life—Making clothes for a new baby.

How much will the average hotel waiter measure from tip to tip?

When is a beautiful woman like a pair of bellows?—When she kindles a flame.

Papa: "Are you sorry you hit Wilbur?" Bobby: "Yes, papa, and he is sorry too."

Never ask a man "what's up?" He may be sensitive and have a pawn ticket in his pocket.

Kate, spitefully: "The men are all alike." Laura, demurely: "But some have more money than others."

Muggins: "I'm up to my ears in debt." Buggins: "How's that?" Muggins: "I owe for everything I've got on except my hat."

May: "Miss Passe will not return to the seashore next summer, I guess. She's on her last lap, I fear." Daisie: "Who's this time?"

What is the difference between celery and salad?—The one you must bank before you can get it; the other you must get before you can bank it.

A tipsy fellow, who mistook a globe lamp with letters on it for the queen of night, exclaimed, "I will be blest if somebody hain't stuck an advertisement on the moon."

"He didn't have the sand to propose, did he, Bessie?" "Yes, but she rejected him. She said that while he had the sand to propose, he didn't have the rocks to marry."

"Politics," said the self-made man, "always reminds me of something I noticed when I set out in life as a sailor." "What was that?" "There's no good knowin' the ropes unless you've got a pull."

A beggar stopped a lady on the steps of a church. "Kind lady, have you not a pair of old shoes to give me?"

"No, I have not; besides, those you are now wearing seem to be brand new."

"That's just it, ma'am—they spoil my business."

A recruit wishing to evade service was brought up for medical inspection, and the doctor asked him: "Have you any defects?" "Yes, sir; I am short-sighted." "How can you prove it?" "Easily enough, Doctor. Do you see that nail up yonder in the wall?" "Yes." "Well, I don't."

McManus, running with O'Hara to catch the 10:30 train: "O'm afeared we'll not make it, Mike. Phwat toime does yer watch say?"

O'Hara: "'Tis 10.17 jist."

McManus: "Shtop! O'hov 10:20. Thot makes it 10.37. The thrain is past these 7 minutes."

"I don't like you, Aunt Jennie," said Wilbur, after his aunt had interfered with some cherished idea he had in mind; "an' if you don't let me alone I'll save up my pottet money an' buy a tapir."

"A what?" asked his aunt.

"A tapir," said Wilbur; "an' tapirs they eats aunts!"

A young lawyer talked four hours to a jury, who felt like lynching him. His opponent a grizzled old professional, arose, looked sweetly at the judge, and said: "Your Honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument." Then he sat down, and the silence was large and oppressive.

"Hit mus' be a heap of expense ter keep sech er lot er chickings," said Erastus Pinkly, as he stopped at the gate to cast a glance at Farmer Corntossel's poultry yard.

"Oh, not such a greddeal," replied Farmer Corntossel.

"What am de principal items ob expense?"

"Powder an' shot."

Willie, who was traveling alone for the first time, to the conductor: "What is the meaning of 'W' and 'R' on the sign posts along the road?"

Conductor: "Ring and whistle."

Willie, after a pause: "I can see how 'W' stands for wring, but I'm blessed if I can see how 'R' stands for whistle."

"COME TO MOTHER!"—How much love is expressed in those three little words! Have you not often beheld the young mother hasten her steps as she entered the nursery, after a short absence, and holding out her arms to her unconscious little one, murmur fondly, "Come to mother!" And when the babe first begins to know its nurse, its faintest cry will call forth those loving words; no matter how feeble the arms may be, they will always be willing to enfold the darling, and "Come to mother" will soon soothe it to rest.

By and by the little feet totter about the room; the slightest obstacle soon brings the poor little head bumping on the floor; but "Come to mother" quickly heals the bruise, and smiles take the place of tears when the little head rests on the mother's breast.

Now see the mother watching her baby at play; does a thorn wound him, or a bee molest him, "Come to mother" is the only salve required.

Years pass, and the boy must leave his home, perhaps for school, perhaps to labor for bread; for boys must sooner or later leave the sheltering arms that still long to enclose them from pain and danger. But let sickness, or trouble, or even disgrace threaten him, if that mother be living, and has a crust to eat, she will soon send forth those dear old loving words, "Come to mother;" and he comes, and is comforted.

Again he wanders off, far, far away; he is strong now, he no longer needs the protection of his feeble, loving mother. She is old, lonely, and perhaps in want, but she must not trouble him; she will suffer in silence, rather than interrupt her boy in his pursuits.

At last she feels that she is dying, and longs once more to look upon that much loved form, and with trembling fingers she writes once more the words, "Come to mother." Does he come now? Alas, not always; the mother's head now needs a resting place upon his breast, but the arms do not open so quickly to receive that aged form.

Oh, young man, think of it; fly to her as you did in your childhood; the words are the same, only you are the comforter now. Make some return for the love and devotion of past years; obey the last loving call, and "come to mother."

THE HUMAN MIND.—The human mind is never wholly inactive in its waking hours. No matter how passive or how idle we may be, the thoughts and the fancies are busy, with or without our will. Sometimes indeed they act energetically, in obedience to our purposes. We set ourselves to work to think out a problem, to weigh an argument, to arrive at a decision, to fathom an idea, to consider the details of a plan or a piece of work, and our thoughts serve us well or ill according to their training. To think consecutively and to a conclusion is one of the supreme arts of life, and the power to do it is one of the best gifts that education can bestow.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

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Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

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